TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In a steam yacht the other day Mr. Frank Polson took a little party of friends down to Cobourg, and as Artemus Ward once remarked, "one of whom I had the pleasure to be which." It took us seven hours of a glorious summer day to get down there, and seven hours of a sublimely beautiful summer night to get back. The exercises which engage a yachting party are not numerous but they are apt to be interesting, yet I found time for some reflections which I hope may not prove too heavy for this hot weather.

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How could one fail to think of large affairs when one's eyes stretched with wondering pleasure from the great blue Ontario beneath and beyond to the sloping meadows and wheat fields on the other side? Than those green fields there are none more beautiful on earth, than the farm houses none more comfortable, and if our Grit friends tell the truth the mortgages thereon are all overdue—all over dew—a pun, you see—not at all new but it is introduced to give a pastoral effect to a very prosy financial affair.

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As the little steamer puffed along and fresh fields and pretty farms came down to meet us on every headland and looked coyly and distantly at us from the farther shores of each little bay, I wondered what all the people who lived hereabouts and thereabouts and all over Canada were thinking about that lovely day! I know here in Toronto we are all wondering how we can borrow enough money to pay our taxes and keep our "equities" from fading away, and I suppose some such unsentimental topic engages the attention of the farmer. Wheat is very cheap, according to the market reports, though it has no visible effect on the price of bread, as per the baker's bill, and I suppose the farmer is wondering how he can benefit himself. The National Policy has been a very good thing. I am a Protectionist, because Protection has been a necessity in Canada. Its results indirectly to people engaged in my business have been good; directly the tax has been an exceedingly heavy impost. For instance, the artistic and pleasing pictures which are given away with the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT pay a duty of six cents a pound and twenty per cent. *ad valorem*. This is, I suppose, and as a recent memorial has stated, the only country on earth where art is estimated by the pound. It is an absurdity intended to protect the paper maker, even though there is no paper maker in Canada who makes the sort of paper or can make the paper on which these pictures are printed. Our machinery which is made nowhere in Canada—I suppose there is no paper in this Dominion printed on a Canadian-made machine—pays a heavy tariff tax, and yet there are not enough used here to cause a factory or foundry to be started. It is so throughout; there is no industry in this whole country which is more directly taxed than the newspaper office. We all know that if the people and merchants are prosperous we can do a good business, and it is better for us to pay a big direct tax than to have poverty-stricken customers. The farmer, on the other hand, raises stuff, the price of which is settled, not by local prosperity but by the world's demand. In the neighborhood of big cities the "garden sass" business is valuable, but the farmer as a rule has not made very much money out of the National Policy, and it is just as true that farming in the United States has been a poor business of late years under a still higher tariff, and truer still is it that in free-trade England the farming business has not been worth a cent; so it is pretty hard to tell just where this lesson ought to take hold of us as individuals. Even the manufacturer has not got rich, though he would have had every chance to do so if the country had had people enough in it for him to increase his sales in proportion to the increase of competition.

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What we want in this country is People. (I wondered for a moment if that should not have been "What we want in this country are people," but I guess not.) People do not seem wildly anxious to come and settle here—or for that matter to "settle" after they get here. Those who are born here seem to become possessed of an unreasonable anxiety to go somewhere else. What is the matter with us? There is nothing the matter with the country and we have as bright and keen-witted people as there are on earth, and none are more industrious. Our farms and our farmers are a hundred per cent. ahead of those on the other side of the line. What has been the matter? What is the matter? This Confederation was twenty-five years old the other day, and a man of twenty-five who has no settled business or well defined policy is apt never to have any. We are just at the right age to correct our mistakes, to stake out a new claim and to work on a different principle.

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I am not a statesman nor a politician. If I were a statesman I would keep my ideas until I got a chance to spring them on a people that were not using a fan and going fishing to kill time. As a good politician I would never discover anything wrong with the policy of my party. Being nothing but a man anxious to make a living and having so few ideas that I have to use them as I get them, and do the best I can when I haven't any, I will now proceed with the air of wisdom which comes to most people who are writing about things they only half understand, to state my policy, the grand idea which has been suggested to me in fragments at various times by various people and various newspapers, and in various fits of melancholy thought when I was wondering what would be best for myself, remembering always that what is best for the general public is best for the man who makes his living out of the general public.

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We have had a National policy and a Railway policy, of both of which I approve. There is no doubt they would have done quite as nicely and existed quite as long if I had disapproved of them, but that is immaterial. What we need now is an effort to try to do a good business at once. Hitherto we have followed the most picayune methods. We started our railway policy by building little sections of a transcontinental road which were not within shrieking distance of each other. In crossing the continent a man would have had to ride a little way, and then would walk a little way and swim a little way, and take a train which would only carry him far enough to dry his clothes. This was the one-horse railway policy of this country until it was changed by Sir John A. Macdonald. Our national policy has been conducted on much the same lines; our canal policy has been even worse. We built little canals from the St. Lawrence to the lakes for little boats; the Welland canal was the one-horse idea of a country which had not comprehended its necessities; the Sault canal, though immensely larger, is being built too small even now. The misfortune of these canal mistakes is that the modern carrying trade must be done by big ships; the lakes can carry the biggest of them, the biggest canal only takes the smallest profitable ones; the smallest canal is not fit for much more than a barge. Now a big ship cannot get up on the land and walk, consequently with the Canadians the carrying trade with the big ship is an impossibility. As carrying trade with small ships is every day becoming more of an impossibility, Canadian lake transportation is becoming a back number. What I think we need is a Canal policy, a great, big Canal policy; a Canal policy for ocean ships, no matter what it costs to bring tide water to the farthermost port of the inland seas that we call lakes. It does not matter what it costs to build them, we can get the money and we should be willing to spend it when it will bring the prosperity and the PEOPLE!

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But it would be no use to bring tide water up into our northern ports unless we were prepared to trade with the world, or at least that portion of the world which is prepared to trade with us. We have been deluding ourselves. To build railroads at the cost of millions to carry American freight through our territory does not build up Canada. We have been afraid of losing the bonding privilege lest our railroads would not have this through freight for this international business. For my part, I think the best thing that could happen Canada would be to lose this bonding privilege, and then Canadian railroads would apply themselves to the business of carrying Canadian freight, Canadian passengers, and settling up the lands along their roads.

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The United States has been, every now and then, giving us a slap in the mouth; the McKinley Bill is only an example. They think we are poor helpless Canucks without any friends. We must be friendly to ourselves! and I protest that we can afford to be unfriendly to them. What is the use of our trade writers shouting for the nearest market! access to the business of our neighbors? They don't care anything about our market except to destroy it, to make merchandise for us and to tax our stuff until the figures get out of sight. What I would suggest is, that where they tax us thirty-five per cent. we tax them seventy; double the tariff on them at every point whether it be hay or hayseeds. Open the market to Great Britain and out of the twenty millions of people who live near enough our border to make smuggling profitable, at least nineteen millions would be smugglers of the untaxed British goods we would import. They would come over and buy our cheap goods and smuggle them home; they would learn how cheap a country this is to live in and the farmers would move over here and live; the tourists would come over here and tour; our farmers would get a big dollar's worth, and if we could bring ocean ships up into the heart of the country we would do a world business which would bring the farmer the biggest possible price for his grain. There is no use trying free trade unless we open this country so that the world can trade with us at the lowest possible cost of transportation. As things are at present free trade would mean that the Yankees, if they had equal privileges with England, could paddle their stuff across the river, sell it to us, and could afford to go back with empty boats; but the ships of the world cannot do that sort of thing, they must have a cargo back. Unless we shut out the United States while opening our doors to every country that opens them to us, the business would be Yankee; unless we double their tariff, shut them out, do business within our own territory, make Montreal our New York and Halifax our Boston, we shall be the drudge to new wood and carry water for our neighbor for the next half century.

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If we exclude United States merchandise, our factories—which after all are largely intended to produce those articles necessary to the market of this continent—our industries would not be largely interfered with, but free trade with the United States would ruin them. If English trade were streaming in here we may be sure that Great Britain feels bitterly enough towards the United States to repay us for our generosity by imposing a preferential tariff.

A GENTLE TEACHER.

Let us have a true and enlarged National policy, a policy which will declare to the world that we do not give a tinker's malediction for our neighbors! that now we have completed our railway policy and we are about to have a Canal policy and a Population policy, a policy that will make our neighbors come over and buy our stuff even if they have to sneak home at night with their purchases. If England will help us the least bit, and even if England does not help us, we can depopulate Dakota, Minnesota and Montana. Perhaps a few factories may have to shut up for a year. Well, they may have to shut up anyhow. A lot of them have shut up already, but if we follow the proposed policy we can force the United States into a different attitude and those unpatriotic and disastrous things, Commercial Union and Annexation, which would close all of our factories instead of a few of them, would no longer be talked about.

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But we cannot begin these things with any picayune policy. Neither the Canal policy, grand and expensive as it may be, nor the trade policy can be made the Population policy unless we combine the two and run a big business instead of a little one-horse affair. It seems to be the belief of Parliament at present that a party's duty and a government's duty is to make the constituencies solid by building big postoffices in little towns, by subsidizing railroads which are run by nobodies from nowhere, for no purpose except to bribe the constituency into supporting the government. Five million dollars, it is said, were expended in this beautiful performance during the last session. Five million dollars spent every session in a great Canal policy, in paying the interest on the cost of the canals, would neither be wasted in pensioning plug politicians, or worse than wasted in corrupting pinheaded voters. It would be spent in making Canada, in making a grand National party, in giving us something to hope for. Give us a great, big, Clean policy! Try to get people to come here and live and make money and spend money, instead of trying to get people to vote for Jim Smith or John Jones. It is time for us to quit this baby business and begin business as reputable business men. With these few remarks I will now take my seat on this question.

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Those remarks about Edward Blake speaking in his Irish constituency on Sunday are not timely nor in good taste. I am not one of his most ardent admirers, yet am well aware that he was not a Sunday crank in Canada and was not so considered. His brother Samuel has done the intolerant Sabbatarian business for the whole family, and it is wrong to confuse the attitudes of the two men. Sam Blake and Edward Blake are by no means identical. In some respects Samuel is more astute than Edward; in no respect is Edward as great a demagogue as his brother. Edward Blake has done nothing in Ireland that he would have refused to do in Canada in communities where it was politic. Toronto Sabbatarianism is very largely a fashion and Sam Blake has been its leader. Let us be just to everybody, and justice demands that the Honorable Edward, though he has often lacked in diplomacy, in adhesiveness, in pertinacity, in a knowledge of public opinion, be not called a hypocrite.

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I see that the Labor party in the United States propose to arm and drill a few thousand men who shall always be ready to resist the Pinkerton staff. I do not blame them, though what a vista of trouble and bloodshed it opens up! The United States under its present laws has nothing for the "nigger" or the workingmen. We all thoroughly well understand that the "nigger" and the workingman will ultimately rebel. We may ask what right has the workingman to refuse to quit his employment in the mills of a rich company, or what right has he to resist the employment in his stead of an inferior laborer? It seems to be the fashion to consider that the man who has not money enough to own a mill or factory has no right to live. Take Charles Reade's motto, "Put yourself in his place." A man works in a mill and has worked there for years; he is a mill worker by force and education and experience. He belongs nowhere else. He may have been born in Germany and is a resident of the United States, a naturalized citizen, a believer in the institutions of the country. Arbitrarily and without regard to the market or anything except his employer's strength, he is dismissed. Every other artisan is more or less in the same position. Knowing this, the workingmen have made a combine, a system by no means strange to employers themselves. A lock-out or a strike occurs! What does it mean to this man? His only point of attachment on earth is the place where he earns a living. Must he necessarily accept a slave's wages or be driven out like a tramp? Is it wrong for him to believe that he has a right to live as a human being and a freeman? If he is driven from that town he has no place to go. If he violates the necessary laws of his co-workers he must be an outcast. There are only two courses open to him, suicide or resistance. Can you then blame him for resisting? The man who would not resist under those circumstances is not possessed of the virility of a man. How they may fight it out, what may be the result I don't know, and between you and me the greatest sin of the age is that we don't care half as much as we ought to. We say, "It is not our funeral." They may shoot one another and do all sorts of dreadful things, but as a matter of fact we are not concerned unless it happens to us or to some of ours. I say this is the attitude of the great mass of citizens. As a believer in the rights of workingmen, in the manliness of every man, I declare my belief in something very different. Because a man is not a capitalist he does not cease to have a right to live. He may be poor, but as long as he is willing to work he has some right to say what he shall be paid for his work. If he has no right to interfere in the price of his labor he is a slave, and we do not expect white men to be slaves and we haven't half enough sympathy with the black men who have been slaves. We are all slaves to a certain extent, but we must readjust the relation of labor and slavery or return to primeval conditions.

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The Council should give the Engineer five thousand dollars a year. I have no reason to believe or to disbelieve in the new appointee. He may be worth five thousand to the city. If he is not, he is worth nothing. Give him enough and give it to him before he comes and has to assume the attitude of an itinerant beggar. Let the amount be sufficient to insure a faithful performance of his duty if he be capable of performing that duty. If he is not, throw him out.

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We have had the Twelfth of July parade and it has interested the public, and yet in other hearts except my own there has been created the wish that these reminiscences and old fights could be dropped. If, as the Rev. Mr. Madill

seems to believe, the "dogans" are to be fought, fight them on the school and exemption questions, not on the crossing of the Boyne or the siege of Derry. As a matter of fact they do not have to be fought, and the man should be ashamed of himself who calls them names. That the town has grown tolerant of both factions is in evidence, since the Knights of St. John were so well received. Why should we not quit this partizan disputation? It has been established that the Protestant denominations are as anxious for separatism and supremacy as the Roman Catholics. If this be our ambition in this country, if we have no standard which leaves religious sectarianism entirely out of politics, I for one am willing to abandon the topic entirely. If Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans and others are anxious for advantages and proceed to seize them whenever their political pull is strong enough; if combined they fight against secularizing our Government and keeping it out of religious disputes, I can afford to favor the Roman Catholics as being the most conscientious and consistent of the lot. Let us drop it. After all, to thoughtful people who are not strongly biased by religious opinion there is only one course open whereby religious disputations may be avoided, and that is the secularization of the Government in all its functions, of education, legislation and taxation. If this platform be refused by Protestants, then let us proceed to divide on the lines which separate the fewest religious bodies. These lines are the ones between Protestants and Catholics. And let the division be good-natured. If those who want everything cannot have it, let each faction accept what it gets by reason of the strength of its vote, but let us not talk about principle or piety or anything of the sort being the basis of the struggle.

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It has been truly said that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. I should like to paraphrase it by saying that the lot of the man who needs a policeman is not a happy one. The latter section of it I found out the other night, inasmuch as my lot is on the corner of two streets, one of which is Jarvis, and some naughty boys began to discuss the possibility and advisability of smashing one another's faces and breaking one another's necks under the window of the den where I do my work. This little episode began to be obtrusive about half-past ten. I should imagine there were eight or ten boys in the outfit. They had that refinement of accent which belongs to lads who have parents of the educated sort, but the depravity of their speech was something awful. As I had had a window broken a couple of nights previous, I went out to argue with these young ruffians as to the propriety of removing their battle ground from my corner. They did not take the trouble to reply civilly or otherwise; they went on with the fight and continued to call each other the most abominable names that experienced viciousness has been able to coin and childish depravity has found opportunity to imitate. They were fighting with sods at the start. I confess that I am too much interested in a fight to obstruct a flying sod with my person. Well located behind a telegraph pole I watched the performance, and then one of the smaller boys suggested bricks, and as a building is in course of construction near by bricks were soon procured. They broke them into small fragments on the curb right near my window and I became quite interested as to whether one of the missiles would not probably let the air into my modest drawing-room. Five of those little savages in pursuit of their enemies sailed down Jarvis street with an armful of these weapons, rending the air with blasphemy and endangering the features of every pedestrian. Of course they put the other boys to flight, but in doing so a couple of sections of brick narrowly missed two young gentlemen who were on their way home. They immediately pursued the brick throwers and captured three of them.

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I do not speak of it as any complaint against the department, but while the fight was going on I telephoned for a policeman to come over from the nearest station. I must have used the wrong tone of voice, for nobody would listen to me. I went out and asked the captors of the boys if they would walk over as far as the police station with their captives. They declined to parade the streets with these youngsters, who had given fictitious names and were shedding copious tears. I believe in boys having their fling, but I do not believe that that "fling" should include stones nor the tearing up of boulevards nor the breaking of windows, and I urged them to cling to the lads while I made another effort to telephone. This time I succeeded in arousing 222. At first they seemed to think it was entirely out of their district. This was no doubt the fault of the telephone. Finally they consented to send a man over to take charge of the boys, see that their proper names should be discovered and the names of the other predatory little scamps obtained. We waited for twenty minutes and I rang them up again. I was informed that the district in question belonged to No. 2 and not to No. 5, and that No. 2 had been telephoned to send an officer. I immediately got hot and they immediately shut me off, which made me hotter still. After conversing with the boys and their captors for a considerable time, I rang up again and a policeman strolled down from No. 5 and took charge of the lads. I asked them to show me the stone pile where they got their missiles. Though protesting their innocence they immediately led us to the spot. The street was bespattered with sods. The policeman recognized one of the boys as the son of a prominent professional man. Of course everybody concerned felt like letting them off, but I am so unalterably opposed to the permitting of Toronto boys to act as vandals and destroy flowers and grass and trees, that I insisted that the whole gang should be marked. Of course there will be nothing more done about it, but I hope they will all be frightened enough to move their battle ground to a region remote from my windows and the quietness I would otherwise have, but there is no telling.

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I admit that nobody was as shocked as I was that parents who should know better permitted their children to be roaming the streets at such an hour of the night. I do not suppose there was a boy in the gang over fifteen years old; the majority of them were not fourteen. Is it any wonder we cannot have flowers or grass or trees or anything without a fence around it in Toronto? This vandalism should be punished severely.

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Another interesting point that was brought out in the discussion was that the upper end of Jarvis street is without a policeman until late at night. They say that they are short of men and that the front streets have to be guarded. That may be true, yet if there is a section of the city that needs attention at this time of the year it is one of the residential sections where almost every other house is closed, the people absent and the household property entirely unprotected. If during the summer months it is the wisdom of the police department to take the patrolmen from the districts vacated by those who go away for the summer, all I have to say is that it is a very poor policy.

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Another fact which is self evident is that those who captured these little vandals at their work of breaking windows and throwing stones and fighting and tearing up sods and destroying trees, should prosecute them. No one likes to be the prosecutor, yet no one should refuse this task so necessary to the preservation of our parks and gardens and the little lawns which belong to private houses. I feel that I am a sinner in this respect myself, yet if it ever happens again I shall see the prosecution through if it takes a month. Parents who permit their children to roam at large at unholy hours cannot hope to have their names kept out of the papers or their children kept out of the police court, and those who permit these things to be forgiven I feel are equally culpable with the parents and not much better than the little vandal. Let us protect the pretty things we have; let us teach our children to respect them; otherwise every grass plot and tree and flower will have to be fenced in or these little scamps will destroy them.

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As usual, the Government seems to be inclined to give us the worst of it on the Exhibition Grounds deal. After the city at its own expense has procured the volunteers a proper site, the Government seems inclined to keep a string tied to the old Garrison Commons. I am thoroughly military in my instincts, I like the soldiers and believe in strong government, but it must be evident to everybody that we have too much Colonel in our dose.

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Fresh Air Fund:	
Previously acknowledged	$171 35
Montreal	5 00
W. G., City	1 50
Total	$177 85

DON.

Social and Personal.

There was a pretty, quiet wedding in St. Andrew's church, King street, on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. John Alexander Bremner and Miss Isabel Hodgins. Only the immediate relatives were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McTavish. The bride was dressed in a dainty traveling gown of fawn trimmed with brown velvet; she wore a pretty hat of brown and fawn and carried a bouquet of white roses tied with white ribbon. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Minnie Hodgins, who wore gray trimmed with silver, hat to match, and carried roses. The groom was supported by Mr. Fred. Dixon. The young couple left on the 12.10 train for Macinaw, where they will spend a couple of weeks. On their return they will live on Metcalfe street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brimer of Gloucester street returned last week from an extended trip in Europe.

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Mrs. Hubbard of Washington, D. C., is the guest of Mrs. Grantham of College street.

*

Miss Maud Beard of Montreal is staying with Mrs. Cheney, Pembroke street.

*

Miss Jacques has returned from Chicago and is with Mrs. McKenzie of 86 Gloucester street.

*

Miss Lottie Wood of Avenue road is spending the summer at Gananoque with her sister, Mrs. Ketchum.

*

Miss Amy Hope has gone to spend the summer with Mrs. Conolly at Dunnville.

*

Mr. F. J. Macdonald of Dunnville was in town last week, the guest of Judge Rose.

*

Mr. John Earls and family are sojourning at their summer residence, Earlscourt, Lorne Park.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Powell and Miss Ida Powell have returned to the city after a most enjoyable visit to Lorne Park. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earls of Earlscourt.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Tonkin have returned to their home, 14 St. James avenue, after their trip. Mrs. Tonkin receives the first and third Monday of the month.

*

Miss Boon of Murray street is visiting friends at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

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Among the guests at Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka, this week, are: The Misses Douglas, Mr. F. B. Dufful, Mr. William Thompson, and Messrs. S. J. and E. S. Davis of Toronto, Mrs. J. Fennell and the Misses Fennell, and Mr. E. J. Stewart of Berlin, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Travers of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and family of Pittsburg, Dr. S. S. and Mrs. Stewart of Alleghany, Pa.

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Mr. Bouchette Anderson has returned from Montreal.

*

Miss and Miss Lillie Hynes have returned from New York, where they have been staying for the last two months with their cousin, Mrs. Commins of Washington avenue.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harvey and family are at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park.

*

Mrs. Macdonnell of Dundas street gave a very pleasant afternoon tea on Friday of last week in honor of her daughter, Mrs. German, who is at present staying with her.

*

Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison left on Saturday last for their cottage at Muskoka.

*

Miss Milligan has returned from a trip of some months' duration on the continent.

*

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh of Grove avenue gave a charming five o'clock tea on Wednesday last. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Robie, Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Donaldson and others.

*

Mr. W. Mulock, jr., has returned from his extended tour through British Columbia.

*

Mr. Robert Darling has removed to Salyst House, Center Island, for the summer.

*

Mrs. Charles Duggan and children, of 40 Rose avenue, left last week for Buffalo to visit her sister, Mrs. J. Clinton Hewitt, after which she will join her mother at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y.

*

The marriage of Mr. John Watt of Brantford and Miss Josephine Webbing of London, England, is to take place at Brantford on Wednesday, July 20.

*

Mrs G. B. and the Misses Clements, of 151 Robert street, left on Wednesday to spend July and August at their delightful cottage, La Solitude, near Bala, Muskoka.

*

Mrs. C. N. Pirie and the Misses Pirie, of 56 Robert street, will spend the summer months with Mrs. G. B. Clements at La Solitude, Muskoka.

*

Miss Lowndes and Miss Florence Lowndes, of Madison avenue, have gone to Dalhousie, N. B., for the summer.

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Among those who are spending the summer at Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, are: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Haworth and family, Miss Veals and Miss Rahtjen of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson and the Misses Henderson, Dr. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Dyment of Barrie, and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kilgour of Winnipeg.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mason have returned to the city. Mrs. Mason will be At Home at 477 Jarvis street on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

*

Miss May Fahey is staying with friends at Penetang for the summer.

*

Mr. John Daw, jr., C. E., of Hangesund, Norway, is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Daw of Borden street.

*

Dr. and Miss Gelkie left on Thursday for Bathurst, New Brunswick, where they will spend a month's holiday.

*

Mrs. Dunn, who has been visiting her father, Mr. Hugh Miller of Jarvis street, left last Saturday for Vancouver, B. C.

*

Miss Snively left on Friday for Gananoque, where she will be the guest of Mrs. L. C. Camp.

*

Mr. A. T. Fulton and Miss Skeaff arrived this week in Montreal by the steamship Vancouver.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sutherland, who have been staying for a month with Dr. Richardson, returned last Thursday to Winnipeg by way of Chicago, where they will spend a few days with friends.

*

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson has returned home after an extended trip in Europe.

*

Mrs. H. D. Ellis and Mrs. Arkle left on Friday for a trip up the lakes, visiting friends at Port Arthur and Duluth.

*

Among the guests at St. Leon Springs are: Hon. D. A. and Miss McDonald, Hon. S. and Madame Tourville, Mr. Walter and Miss Shanley, Mr. Herdt, Mr. and Mme. Lamotte, Mr. Charles LeBlanc and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Paterson, Mr. Geo. W. Weaver, Mr. S. H. and Miss Robillard, Mr. William J. Allin and family, Miss and Miss Ethel Chipman, Miss Reid, Mrs. C. C. Newton, Mr. C. H. G. and the Misses Damour of Montreal, Mrs. David Cousins and party of Baton Rouge, La., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Shepard of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. H. Merrill of Boston, Mrs. R. Thompson, Mrs. T. Kenny of Ottawa, Mr. Thomas Seddon, Miss Dowd of London, Eng., Messrs. Kenneth and Norman Moodie of Chesterville, Ont.

*

Miss Ada Pirie of Toronto left on Monday with her brother-in-law, Mr. John Cleghorn, for his home at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where she will pay a lengthened visit, returning home by way of Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast.

*

Mrs. G. B. and Miss Smith returned to the city last week after an extended tour through Egypt and Palestine. Mr. G. B. Smith is at present in Germany. He will sail for Canada on July 27.

*

Miss Galt returned from Prout's Neck last week, where she has been staying with Miss Stayner since June 10. Lady Galt leaves shortly for Muskoka.

*

The Misses Ferguson leave shortly for Muskoka, where they will be the guests of Miss Proudfoot.

*

Mrs. Thompson and family of Jarvis street leave on July 19 for their summer residence at Longford, where they will remain until the middle of September.

*

Mr. T. G. Blackstock has removed to his handsome new residence on St. George street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fisher Eby and family are to spend their summer in a house-boat on Georgian Bay. They will start from Midland and spend a few days in all the lovely spots along the coast. Camping parties will be organized during these short sojourns.

*

The Hon. G. W., Mrs. and Miss Ross returned from Montreal last Saturday. Mr. Ross is at present engaged in writing a biography of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

*

Mr. J. Ross Robertson and Mr. Cully Robertson will leave shortly for England. Mrs. Robertson is spending the summer at the seaside.

*

Mrs. John Burns returned from Sault Ste. Marie on Monday after a pleasant visit.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and family of Jarvis street left on Tuesday to spend the summer in Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Pembroke street left town on Saturday last for Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour of Bloor street and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and family are spending the summer in their lovely cottages at Lake Simcoe.

*

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., sailed from Montreal by the Labrador last Wednesday for England. He will join Mrs. Cockburn at Wiesbaden, where she has been staying for some time.

*

Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and the Misses Milligan leave shortly for Muskoka.

*

Mrs. Henry Beatty and family leave town next week to spend some time at Sarnia.

*

Mrs. Matthews and family of Pembroke street leave next week to spend the summer in Parry Sound.

*

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gunn and family of Gloucester street left this week for their summer residence near Beaverton, Lake Simcoe.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fiest and family of Isabella street are spending the summer at Chippawa.

*

Miss Amy Gimson leaves town shortly to visit Mrs. Willie Rathbun of Deseronto.

*

Mr. W. C. Harris and Mr. Norman Harris left on Tuesday of this week for a trip to Cape Breton.

*

Mr. Thomas Marshall, B.A., of Dunnville, spent a few days with friends in the city this week.

*

Mrs. Shortreed and Mr. W. Shortreed left the city this week for a trip down the Saguenay.

*

Capt. and Mrs. McDougall left for a trip to Europe last Tuesday. A number of the 48th Highlanders gave them a send-off at the station.

*

Cadet F. C. Vercoe returned to the city last week after a distinguished course at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

*

Mrs. John Michie and family, of London, will spend the summer at Lorne Park.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. Laidlaw and family sailed this week for Ireland, where Mrs. Laidlaw and the family will remain for some time, Mr. Laidlaw returning almost immediately to Canada.

*

Dr. James McCallum of Carlton street left town on Friday for Kingston, where he will join Dr. Webster of the Kingston Asylum for the Insane in a yachting cruise.

*

Rev. Mr. Frizzell sailed last week for the Old Country.

*

The Toronto Typographical Union had a very successful moonlight excursion last Saturday evening. Four hundred guests were present on the Cibola when she left the wharf and steamed up the lake in the direction of Oakville. There was an excellent musical programme provided and dancing was indulged in by those who felt so inclined, although the deck was rather crowded. They reached the city wharf at midnight, after spending a most enjoyable evening.

*

Mr. W. N. Miller, Q. C., leaves the end of this week for England.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Whittemore of Church street left town on Thursday to spend the summer in their cottage at Grimsby.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke and the Misses Clarke left this week for Cushing's Island, Maine. Where they will remain until the end of August.

*

Miss Green left this week for Old Orchard.

*

Mr. and Mrs. McClain and Miss Jessie Macdonald leave shortly for Prout's Neck.

*

Mr. and Mrs. George Burton have returned to the city. They are receiving at Judge Burton's residence, Oak Lodge, Wellington street, where they will remain until the autumn. Mrs. Burton was assisted last week by Miss Burton and Miss Hodgins.

*

Mrs. H. K. Merritt of Simcoe street gave an enjoyable afternoon tea on Wednesday, in honor of her niece, Miss Howland. The table

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede finish Thread Gloves, 75c.
Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.
Gloves embroidered in any color to match costume.

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Marguerite at $2, usual price $3; Donna, $5, usual price $6. R. & G. in every style and price.

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Some Ascot Dresses.

DUST cloaks, daintier than ever, were much worn this season at the Ascot races. Lace appeared on all of them in great quantities, some indeed seemed to be composed entirely of lace and ribbon. Palest pinks, heliotropes and greens are used for these cloaks, the more useful dark color being now only occasionally seen. How different this all is from the hideous old-time dusters that used to infest boats and trains with traveling Yankees. The long coats worn by the men would wrinkle up behind in travel-soiled folds, while the prettiest girls looked anything but attractive in shiny luster and blue veils.

•

The dresses worn at the Ascot races were never prettier than this year. Two of the smartest gowns were made with the skirts cut quite short, a much needed example where long trains are causing such comment. One dress was of the palest gray silk. The skirt was quite plain and the bodice finished with a deep collar of white satin covered and frilled with cream colored lace. The sleeves were arranged in loose puffs to the elbow set in deep tight cuffs of white satin covered with cream-colored lace. A bonnet made of bands of pale gray straw studded with polished silver and having an osprey in front and strings of pale gray velvet, completed the costume. The other dress which was quite as much admired was of black silk veiled with black striped silk grenadine. The short skirt was finished with a deep flounce of lace. The bodice was made with a wide belt of black velvet bordered with jet and with narrow black silk guipure lace, and a vest of white *chiffon* covered with black lace. Long drooping epaulettes of lace were arranged over the sleeves which reached only to the elbows, where they were met by long tan gloves.

•

A bonnet with a small, high, crumpled crown of Tuscan straw and a brim of black chip, was worn. It had a spray of deep pink at one side and black velvet strings. A lovely gown worn by a *debutante* was of pale blue *glace* silk shot with green. There was a sash of pale blue ribbon and a quaint looking little old-world *fichu* of white muslin with bands of embroidery let in. A wide-brimmed picture hat went admirably with this lovely dress. Another Ascot gown of great beauty was made of white silk, with a narrow flounce of silk round the hem of the skirt, headed by a band of mother-of-pearl passementerie. The front of the skirt was covered with a deep flounce of Irish crochet lace, caught up on one side with bows of ribbon; full bodice and sash of silk; zouave of lace edged with passementerie; full sleeves to the elbow and tight cuffs of lace; cuffs and collar also edged with mother-of-pearl passementerie.

•

Quaintly pretty bridesmaids' gowns were worn at a wedding lately. The costumes consisted of simple trained gowns of spotted Alpaca bordered round the foot by a narrow band of white moire; high sashes of moire and quaint *fichus* and outer sleeves of lisse completed the bodices; hats of white drawn *chiffon* ornamented with sprays of delicate pink roses and baby ribbon.

•

A very striking bride's costume was worn by a young American lady married lately in London. The wedding gown was of the richest heliotrope bengaline, trimmed round the skirt with ruche of pale pink satin. The bodice and waist were ornamented with gold and pearl passementerie and the sleeves were of exquisite lace. The bride wore a bonnet of lace, ornamented with pearl and gold trimmings, and white rosebuds arranged with ferns formed her bride's bouquet. The tennis dress worn by the lady champions of England excited a great deal of admiration, both because of its suitableness and beauty. A loose terra cotta blouse, and sleeves with close fitting embroidered collar and cuffs, surmounted a dark blue skirt, setting off the wearer while permitting the utmost freedom of motion.

•

The Princess Louise wore a very pretty gown at the annual sale in connection with Scottish industries. The dress was made of dove-gray *crepon*, cut in one and had a broad sash of silver gray satin. The front of the bodice was of cream-colored satin, bordered all round with a soft frill of lace. The hem was finished with two short gathered flounces—one cream-colored satin, the other gray *crepon*. A small bonnet of black embroidered grenadine was worn with this dress.

•

A stylish Paris gown consists of skirt and corsage of dark blue velvet opened over a front of golden-yellow moire and satin striped pekin. The puffed sleeves are of the same material, while priceless old Venetian point formed a broad bertha, in Louis XIV. fashion, and revers to the velvet dress from hip to hem. A large white ostrich feather fan was carried with this costume.

•

Millinery is particularly striking and pretty this year. Large hats are worn almost altogether. Very becoming is a novel hat in fine black chip with a half wreath of yellow roses under the brim on one side, arranged to rest on the hair, and on the crown a smaller spray of roses and a large Alsatian bow of finely pleated black lace. Sailor hats of mixed straws, such as blue and white, brown and white, or red and white, are much worn this season. They are also often made with wide shady brims, when they are very comfortable.

•

Short sleeves have come in again in England for summer wear, which has led to the re-introduction of long gloves. Short sleeves are of course prettier and more suitable for summer wear, but long gloves are much more expensive than short ones. They look more stylish, but six-buttoned gloves go on easily and are certainly very comfortable.

•

Women in few countries wear prettier or more comfortable dresses than Canadian women do. I saw a very pretty yachting dress the other day. The skirt was quite plain and cut rather shorter than our ordinary dresses, but that is no fault when dresses are so long. The loosely fitting waist was made of pretty flannel in narrow blue and white stripes. The jacket was tied with a pretty knot of the yacht's colors. A dainty tie of dark blue silk completed this simple but pleasing costume.

•

Muskoka, the lakes, the Thousand Islands and the seaside bid fair to be particularly gay with bright colors this season. Canadian young ladies never look better than in the simple, becoming gowns which render rowing, fishing and picnicing such easy tasks.

Food For Summer Months.

While summer is undoubtedly the most pleasant part of the year it has its drawbacks. During the cold and stormy days of winter, intelligent people are careful not to injure their health by undue exposure; they eat nourishing food and in various other ways avoid illness. But in summer wraps and heavy underclothing are discarded, and there is a carelessness about catching cold which often results fatally.

There is a corresponding carelessness about eating which arises from ignorance more than indifference. Food should at all times be selected with special reference to the season.

Beets, carrots, potatoes, turnips, green corn, peas and lima beans are the most fattening of the common vegetables. Asparagus cleans the blood and acts on the kidneys. Tomatoes contain some calomel and act on the liver.

Beets are particularly rich in sugar and are also excellent appetizers, whether eaten with or without vinegar.

Beets contain from ten to twelve per cent. of sugar, carrots from six to seven per cent., parsnips six per cent. and turnips two to four per cent., according to the variety. They are about equal as regards the proportion of nitrogenous matter in them.

Cucumbers and lettuce are cooling. Those eating lettuce with some regard for its beneficial properties in the days when the thermometer is one hundred degrees in the shade, will use little dressing; a dressing with little mustard and oil and much vinegar is by far preferable to the usual mustard plaster.

Olives, garlic and onions stimulate the heart and quicken circulation, and consequently increase the flow of saliva and so promote digestion. Red onions are a strong diuretic.

Red cherries, grapes, mulberries, pears, strawberries, golden pippin apples and red raspberries, which contain large percentages of sugar, are fattening if thoroughly ripe.

If fruits are chosen for their cooling qualities, currants, yellow plums and small gooseberries should have the preference.

If drinks are to be selected on the same hypothesis, claret, lemonade and iced tea are more refreshing than milk, soda water and wines. Iced tea is much better than iced coffee, as it has a tonic effect on the pores.

Lean meats, poultry, lobsters, dry toast and cheese are cooling as compared with mutton, gravies, salmon, farinaceous foods, bread, tapioca, pastry, nuts and confectionery.

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Dicer—I suppose Tillinghast responded proudly?

Trivvet—Not much. He made his escape by the stage door.

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Neighbor—What's the trouble in the house? Son—Oh, something's gone wrong with ma. Neighbor—Where's your father? Son—He's gone down into the cyclone-pit for the afternoon.

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AND
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A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The next four days made a great alteration in the position of the defenders in the fortified house.

The upper storey was now riddled by balls, the parapet round the terrace had been knocked away in several places, the gate was in splinters, but as the earth from the tunnel had been all emptied against the sand bags it had grown to such a thickness that the defence was still good here. But in the wall, against which one of the new batteries had steadily directed its fire, there was a yawning gap, which was hourly increasing in size and would ere long be practicable for assault. Many of the shots passing through this had struck the house itself. Some of these had penetrated, and the room in the line of fire could no longer be used.

There had been several casualties. The young civilian, Herbert, had been killed by a shot that struck the parapet just where he was lying. Captain Rintoul had been seriously wounded, and two of the natives had been killed by the first shot which penetrated the lower room. Mr. Hunter was prostrate with fever, the result of exposure to the sun, and several others had received wounds more or less severe from fragments of stone; but the fire of the defenders was as steady as at first, and the loss of the native working the guns was severe, and they no longer ventured to fire from the gardens and shrubberies round the walls.

Fatigue, watching, still more the heat on the terrace, was telling heavily upon the strength of the garrison. The ladies went about their work quietly and almost silently. The constant anxiety and the confinement in the darkened rooms was telling upon them too. Several of the children were ill, and when not employed in other things there were fresh sand-bags to be made by the women to take the place of those damaged by the enemy's shot.

When, of an evening, a portion of the defenders came off duty, there was more talk and conversation, as all endeavored to keep up a good face and assume a cheerfulness far from feeling. The doctor was perhaps the most cheery of the party, and during the daytime he was always on the terrace, his whip seldom cracked in vain. In the evening he attended to his patients, talked cheerily to the ladies and laughed and joked over the events of the day.

None among the ladies showed greater calmness and courage than Mrs. Rintoul, and a friend was ever heard from the time the siege began of her ailments or inconveniences. She was Mrs. Hunter's best assistant with the sick children. Even after her husband was wounded and her attention night and day was given to him, she still kept on patiently and firmly.

"I don't know how to admire Mrs. Rintoul enough," Mrs. Hunter said to Isobel Hannay, one day; "formerly I had no patience with her, she was always querulous and grumbling; now, she has turned out a really noble woman. One never knows people, my dear, till one sees them in trouble."

"Everyone is nice," Isobel said. "I have hardly heard a word of complaint about anything since we came here, and everyone seems to help others and do little kindnesses."

The enemy's fire had been very heavy all that day, and the breach in the wall had been widened and the gap left certain that the enemy would attack on the following morning.

"You and Farquharson, doctor, must stop on the roof," the major said. "In a critical place, it is possible they may try to attack by ladders at some other point, and we shall want two good shots up there to keep them here and in the second, if they do force the breach we shall want you to cover our retreat into the house. I will get a dozen rifles spiced, loaded and in readiness. Isobel and Mary Hunter, who have both volunteered over and over again, shall go up to load; they have both practiced and can load quickly. Of course if you see that the enemy are not attacking at any other point you will help us at the breach by keeping up a steady fire on them; but always keep six guns each in reserve. I shall blow my whistle as a signal for us to retire to the house if I find we can hold the breach no longer, so when you hear that, blaze away at them as fast as you can. Your twelve shots will check them long enough to give us time to get in and fasten the door. We shall be round the corner of the house before they can get fairly over the breastwork. We will set to work to raise that as soon as it gets dark."

A breastwork of sand bags had already been erected behind the breach, in case the enemy should make a sudden rush, and a couple of hours' labor transformed this into a strong work, for the bags were already filled and only needed placing in position. When completed it extended in a horse-shoe shape, some fifteen feet across, behind the gap in the wall. For nine feet from the ground it was composed of sand bags three deep, and above that they then laid along the edge to serve as a parapet.

"I don't think they will get over that," the major said, when the work was finished, "I doubt if they will be disposed even to try when they reach the breach."

Before beginning their work they had cleared away all the fallen bricks from behind the breach and a number of bricks were laid on the top of the sand bags to be used as missiles.

"A brick is as good as a musket ball at this distance," the major said, "and when our guns are empty we can take to them; there are enough spare rifles for us to have one each and with these and our revolvers and the bricks, we ought to be able to account for an army. There are some of the servants and syces who can be trusted to load. They can stand down behind us and we can pass our guns down to them as we empty them."

Each man had his place on the work assigned to him. Bathurst, who had before told the major that when the time came for an assault to be delivered he was determined to take his place in the breach, was placed at one end of the horse-shoe where it touched the wall.

"I don't promise to be of much use, major," he said quietly; "I know my shot is well; but at least I can run my chance of being killed."

The major had put Wilson next to him.

"I don't think there is much chance of their storming the work, Wilson; but if they do, you can hold of Bathurst's coat and when he him away when you hear me whistle; the chances are a hundred to one against his hearing it or remembering what it means if he does hear it."

"All right, major, I will look to him."

"Four men remained on guard at the breach all night, and at the first gleam of daylight the garrison took up their posts.

"Now mind, my dears," the doctor said, as he and Farquharson went up on the terrace with Isobel and Mary Hunter, "you must do exactly as you are told, or you will be doing more harm than good, for Farquharson and I would not be able to pay attention to our shooting. You must lie down and remain perfectly quiet till we begin to fire, then keep behind us just as far that you can reach the guns as we hand them back to you after firing; and you must load them either kneeling or sitting down, so that you don't expose your head above the thickest part of the breastwork. When you have loaded, push the guns back well to the right of us, but so that we can reach them. Then, if one of them goes off, there won't be any chance of our being hit. The garrison can't afford to throw away a life at present. You will of course only half cock them; still, it is as well to provide against accidents."

Both the girls were pale, but they were quiet and steady. The doctor saw they were not likely to break down.

"That is a rum-looking weapon you have got there, Bathurst," Wilson said as, after carrying up the spare guns and placing them ready for firing, they lay down in their positions on the sand bags. The weapon was a native one, and was a short mace, composed of a bar of iron about fifteen inches long, with a knob of the same metal, studded with spikes. The bar was covered with leather to break the jar, and had a loop to put the hand through at the end.

"Yes," Bathurst said quietly, "I picked it up at one of the native shops in Lucknow the last time I went there. I had no idea of ever having to use it at the time, and bought it rather as a curiosity; but I have kept it within reach of my bedside since then for a month or so, and I don't think one could want a better weapon at close quarters."

"No, it is a tremendous thing; and after the way I have seen you using that pick I should not like to be within reach of your arm with that mace in it. I don't think there is much chance of your wanting that. I have no fear of the natives getting over this time."

"I have no fear of the natives at all," Bathurst said. "I am only afraid of myself. At present I am just as cool as if there was not a native within a thousand miles, and I am sure that my pulse is not going a beat faster than usual. I can think of the whole thing and calculate the chances as calmly as if it were an affair in which I was in no way concerned. I am not danger that I fear in the slightest, it is that horrible noise. I know well enough that the moment the firing begins I shall be paralyzed. My only hope is that at the beginning, if it comes to hand to hand fighting, I shall get my nerve again."

"I have no doubt you will," Wilson said warmly, "and when you do I would back you at long odds against any of us. Ah, they are beginning."

As he spoke there was a salvo of all the guns on the three Sepoy batteries. Then a roar of musketry broke out round the house, and above it could be heard loud shouts.

"They are coming, major," the doctor shouted down from the roof, "the Sepoys are leading, and there is a crowd of natives behind them."

Those lying in the middle of the curve of the horse-shoe soon caught sight of the enemy advancing tumultuously towards the breach. The major had ordered that not a shot was to be fired until they reached it, and it was evident that the silence of the besieged awed the assailants with a sense of unknown danger; for their pace slackened, and when they got to within fifty yards of the breach they paused and opened fire. Then, urged forward by their officers and encouraged by their own noise, they again rushed forward. Two of their officers had the way, and as these mounted the little heap of rubbish at the foot of the breach, two rifles cracked out from the terrace, and both fell dead.

There was a yell of fury from the Sepoys, and then they poured in through the breach. Those in front tried to stop as they saw the trap into which they were rushing, but pressed on by those behind they were forced forward.

And now a crackling fire of musketry broke out from the rifles projecting between the sand bags, into the crowded mass. Every shot told. Wild shrieks, yells and curses rose from the assailants. Some tried madly to climb up the sand bags, some to force their way back through the crowd behind; some threw themselves down; others discharged their muskets at their invisible foes. From the roof, the doctor and his companion kept up a rapid fire upon the crowd struggling to enter the breach. As fast as the defenders muskets were discharged they handed them down to the servants behind to be reloaded, and when each had fired his spare muskets he betook himself to his revolver.

Wilson while discharging his rifle kept his eyes upon Bathurst. The latter had not fired a shot, but had stood still, save for a slight convulsive shuddering. Presently there was a little lull in the firing, as the weapons were emptied, and the defenders seizing the bricks hurled them down into the mass.

"Look out!" the major shouted, "keep your heads low. I am going to throw the canisters."

A number of these had been prepared, filled to the mouth with powder and bullets and with a short fuse attached; ropes being fastened round them to enable them to be slung some distance. The major half-rose to throw one of these missiles, when his attention was called by a shout from Wilson.

The latter was so occupied that he had not noticed Bathurst, who had suddenly risen to his feet, and just as Wilson was about to grasp him and pull him down, leapt over the sand bag in front of him down among the mutineers. The major gave a swing to the canister, of which the fuse was already lighted, and hurled it through the breach among the crowd, who, ignorant of what was going on inside, were still struggling to enter.

"Look out!" he shouted to the others, "mind how you throw. Bathurst is down in the middle of them. Hand up all the muskets you have loaded." he cried to the servants.

As he spoke he swung another canister through the breach, and almost immediately two heavy explosions followed one close upon the other.

"Give them a volley at the breach," he shouted; "never mind those below."

The muskets were fired as soon as received.

"Now to your feet," the major cried, "and give them the brick bats," and as he stood up he hurled two more canisters among the crowd behind the breach. The others sprang up with a cheer. The enclosure below them was shallower now from the number that had fallen, and was filled with a confused mass of struggling men. In their midst was Bathurst fighting desperately with his short sword, and bringing down a man at every blow, the mutineers being too crowded together to use their fixed bayonets against him. In a moment Forster leapt down, sword in hand, and joined in the fight.

"Stand steady," the major shouted; "don't let another man come."

But the missiles still rained down with an occasional shot, as the rifles were handed up by the natives, while the doctor and Farquharson kept up an almost continuous fire from the terrace. Then the last two canisters thrown by the major exploded. The first tore the crowd behind among the crowd behind the breach, these completed their confusion, and they turned and fled; while those in the crowd behind, yelling in Sepoy language to those behind, at once turned and flying through the breach followed their companions.

A loud cheer burst from the garrison, and the major looking round saw the doctor standing by the parapet waving his hat, while Isobel stood beside him looking down at the scene of conflict.

"Lie down, Isobel," he shouted; "they will be opening fire again directly."

The girl disappeared, and almost at the same moment the batteries spoke out again, and a crackle of the musketry began from the gardens. The major turned round. Bathurst was leaning against the wall, breathing heavily after his exertion; Forster was coolly wiping his sword on the tunic of one of the fallen Sepoys.

"Are either of you hurt!" he asked.

"I am not hurt to speak of," Forster said; "I got a rip with a bayonet as I jumped down, but I don't think it is of any consequence."

"How are you, Bathurst!" the major repeated. "What on earth possessed you to jump down like that!"

"I don't know, major, I had to do something, and when you stopped firing I felt it was time for me to do my share."

"You have done more than your share I should say," the major said, "for they went down like ninepins before you. Now, Wilson, you take one of his hands and I will take the other and help him up."

It needed considerable exertion to get him up, for the reaction had now come, and he was scarce able to stand.

"You had better go up to the house and get a glass of wine," the major said. "Now, is anything else hurt?"

"I am hit, major," Richards said quietly; "a ball came in between the sand-bags just as I fired my first shot and smashed my right shoulder. I think I have not been much good since, though I have been firing from my left as well as I could. I think I will go up and get the doctor to look at it."

But almost as he spoke the young fellow tottered, and would have fallen had not the major caught him.

"Lend me a hand, Doolan," the latter said, "we will carry him in; I am afraid he is very bad hit."

The ladies gathered round the major and Captain Doolan as they entered with their burden. Mary Hunter had already run down and told them that the attack had been repulsed and the enemy had retreated.

"Nobody else is hit," the major said as he entered, "at least not seriously. The enemy have been handsomely beaten with such loss that they won't be in a hurry to try again. Will one of you run up and bring the doctor down!"

Richards was carried in the hospital room, where he was left to the care of his sister and Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Rintoul. The major returned to the general room.

"Boy, bring half a dozen bottles of champagne and open them as quickly as you can," he said; "we have got enough to last us for weeks, and this is an occasion to celebrate, and I think we have all earned it."

The others were by this time coming in, for there was no chance of renewing the attack at this time of Farquharson was on the roof on lookout. Quiet greetings were exchanged between wives and husbands.

"It didn't last long," Wilson said, "not above ten minutes I should say, from the time when we opened fire."

"It seemed to us an age," Amy Hunter said; "it was dreadful to be able to see no one what was going on, it seemed to me everyone must be killed with all that firing."

"It was sharp while it lasted," the major said, "but we were all snug enough except against a stray bullet such as that which hit poor young Richards. He behaved very brilliantly and none of us knew he was hit till it was all over."

"But how did Captain Forster get his bayonet wound?" Mrs. Doolan asked. "I saw him go in just now into the surgery; it seemed to me he had a very serious wound, for his dress was cut from the breast up to the shoulder, and he was bleeding terribly, though he made light of it."

"He jumped down into the middle of them," the major said. "Bathurst jumped down first, and was fighting like a mad man with a mace he has got. We could do nothing for we were afraid of hitting him, and Forster followed down to help him, and as he did so got that rip with the bayonet; it is a nasty cut, no doubt, and it is only a flesh wound."

"Where is Mr. Bathurst?" Mrs. Doolan asked. "Is he hurt too! Why did he jump down! I should not have thought—" and she stopped.

"I fancy a sort of fury seized him," the major said; "but whatever it was, he fought like a giant. He is a powerful man, and that iron mace is just the thing for such work. The natives went down like ninepins before him. No, I don't think he is hurt."

"I will go out and see," Mrs. Doolan said, and taking a mug half full of champagne from the table she went out.

Bathurst was sitting on the ground leaning against the wall of the house.

"You are not hurt, Mr. Bathurst, I hope," Mrs. Doolan said, as she came up. "No, don't try to get up, drink a little of this; we are celebrating our victory by opening a case of champagne. The major tells us you have been distinguishing yourself greatly."

Bathurst drank some of the wine before he replied.

"In a way, Mrs. Doolan; I scarcely know what I did do. I wanted to do something, even if it was only to get killed."

"You must not talk like that," she said kindly; "your life is as valuable as any here, and you know we all like and esteem you, and at any rate, you have shown to-day that you have plenty of courage."

"The courage of a Malay running a-muck, Mrs. Doolan; that is the courage, I fear, I have shown. I cannot tell—no one can tell what I have suffered since the siege began, the humiliation of knowing that I alone of the men here am useless to take my part in the defence, and that while others are fighting I am useful only to work as a miner."

"But you are as useful in that way as you would be in the other," she said. "I don't feel humiliated because I can only help in nursing the sick while the others are fighting for us. We have all of us our gifts. Few men have more than you have. You have courage and coolness in other ways, and you are wrong to care nothing about your life because of life failing, for which you are not accountable, of your nerves to stand the effect of fire-arms. I can understand your feelings and sympathize with you, but it is of no use to exaggerate the importance of such a matter. You might live a thousand lives without being placed in a position when such a failing would be of the slightest importance one way or the other. Now come in with me. Certainly this is not the moment for you to give way about it, for whatever your feelings may have been, or whatever may have impelled you to the act, you have on this occasion fought nobly."

"Not nobly, Mrs. Doolan," he said, rising to his feet; "desperately, or madly if you like."

At this moment Wilson came out. "Hallo, Bathurst, what are you doing here? Dinner is fast is just ready, and everyone is asking for you. I am sure you must want something after your exertions. You should have seen him laying about with that iron mace, Mrs. Doolan. I have seen him using the pick and knew how strong he was, but I was astonished, I can tell you. It was a sort of Coeur-de-Lion business. He used to use a mace, you know, and once rode through the Saracens and smashed them, till at last, when he had fallen, he couldn't open his hand. Bring him in, Mrs. Doolan. If he won't come I will go and send the doctor out to him. Bad business, poor Richards being hurt, isn't it? Awfully good fellow, Richards. Can't think why he was the one to be hit."

While keeping up a string of talk the young subaltern led Bathurst into the house.

After breakfast a white flag was waved from the parapet, and in a short time the Sepoy officers came up with a similar flag. The major and Captain Doolan went out to meet them, and it was agreed that hostilities should be suspended until noon in order that the wounded and dead might be carried off.

While this was being done the garrison remained under arms behind their work at the breach lest any treacherous attempt should be made. The mutineers, however, who were evidently much depressed by the failure, carried the bodies off quietly and at twelve o'clock firing re-commenced.

That evening after it was dark, the men gathered on the terrace.

"Well, gentlemen," the major said, "we have beaten them off to day and we may do it again, but there is no doubt how it must all end. You see this afternoon their guns have all been firing at a fresh place in the wall and if they make another breach or two and attack at them all together, it will be hopeless to try to defend them. You see now that we have several sick and wounded, the notion of making our escape is almost knocked on the head. At the last moment each may try to save his life, but he has no more chance of reaching of the posts and the sick as long as there is a cartridge to be fired. Our best hope is in getting assistance from somewhere, but we know nothing of what is going on elsewhere. I think the best plan will be for one of our number to try and make his way out and go either to Lucknow, Agra or Allahabad, and try and get help. If they could spare a troop of cavalry it might be sufficient; the mutineers have suffered very heavily; there were over a hundred and fifty bodies carried out to-day, and if attacked suddenly, I don't think they would make any great resistance. We may hold out for a week or ten days, but I think that is the outside, and if rescue does not arrive by that time we must either surrender or try to escape by that passage."

There was a general assent.

"Bathurst would be the man to do it," the doctor said. "Once through their lines he could pass without exciting the slightest suspicion; he could buy a horse then, and could be at any of the stations in two days."

"Yes, there is no doubt that he is the man to do it," the major said. "Where is he now? "At work, as usual, major; shall I go and speak to him? But I fear he fairly I don't think he will undertake it."

"Why not, doctor? It is a dangerous mission, but no more dangerous than remaining here."

"Well, we shall see," the doctor said, as he left the ground.

Nothing was said for a few minutes, the men sitting or lying about smoking. Presently the doctor returned.

"Bathurst refuses absolutely," he said. "He admits that he does not think there would be much difficulty for him to get through, but he is convinced that the chances are ten to one against his ever getting out of the place, and that he would help have been spared it would have come to us before now."

"But in that case he would have made his escape," the major said.

"That is just why he won't go, major; he says that come what may, it shall be said of him that he got out of the place, and that he will not live to be pointed to as the one man who made his escape of the garrison of Dennaughur."

"Obstinate fellow," the major said. "You are the only other man who speaks the language well enough to pass as a native, doctor."

"I speak it fairly, but not well enough for that; besides, I am too old to bear the fatigue of riding night and day, and moreover my services are wanted here both as a doctor and as a rifle shot."

"I will go, if you will send me, major," Captain Forster said suddenly, "not in disguise but in uniform, and on my honorable word. Of course I should run the gauntlet of their sentries. Once through, I doubt if they have a horse that could overtake mine."

There was a general silence of surprise. Forster's reckless courage was notorious, and he had been conspicuous for the manner in which he had chosen the most dangerous points during the siege, and this offer to undertake what, although a dangerous enterprise in itself still offered a far better chance of life than that of remaining behind, surprised everyone. It had been noticed that since the rejection of his plan to sally out to Lucknow and cut their way through the enemy, he had been moody and silent, except only when the fire was heavy and the danger considerable; then he laughed and joked and seemed absolutely to enjoy the excitement; but he was the last man whom any of them would have expected to volunteer for a service that, dangerous as it might be, had just been refused by Bathurst on the ground that it offered a chance of escape from the common lot.

The major was the first to speak.

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pulling his mustache moodily and muttering to himself; he is good to do but not to suffer; he would make a shockingly bad patient in a long illness.

"Well, if any of you have letters you want to write to friends in England, I should advise you to take the opportunity; mind, I don't think they will ever get them. Forster may get through, but I consider the chances strongly against it. For a ride of ten miles through a country swarming with foes I could choose no messenger I would rather trust, but for a ride like this that requires patience and caution and resource he is not the man I should select. Bathurst would have succeeded almost certainly if he had once got out. The two men are as different as light to dark; you possesses just the points the other falls in. I have no one at home I want to write to, so I will undertake the watch here."

(To be Continued.)

The Texas Tenderfoot.

The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart and practice it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a bookful of pitiful stories. And yet one cannot help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, thirty thousand Texas steers; but the Texans who pretended to sell them the cattle drove the same three thousand head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle around the back drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over. There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fence posts all over the ranch, until they grew wise in their generation, and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars per month for doing the same thing. But, in many instances, it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman, who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the Lower House, spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died, in Colorado, the only friend in this country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who, at that time, was driving a hack around San Antonio. One hears stories of this sort on every side, and one meets faro-dealers, cooks, and cowboys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt, or who hold an Oxford degree. A private in G Troop, Third Cavalry, who was my escort on several scouting expeditions in the Garza outfit, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest wine cellar, where one could get best visiting cards engraved, and why the professor of ancient languages at Oxford was the superior of the instructor in like studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unaffectedly, and in no way attempted to excuse his present position, nor was he questioned concerning his position in the past.

The most notable Englishman who ever came to Texas was Ben Thompson. But he arrived there at so early an age and became so thoroughly Western in his mode of life that Texans claim him as their own. I imagine, however, he always retained some of the traditions of his birthplace, as there is a story of his standing with his hat off to talk to an English nobleman when Thompson at the time was the most feared and best known man in all Texas. The stories of his recklessness and ignorance of fear and utter disregard of the value of others' lives, as well as his own, are innumerable.

Thompson killed eighteen men in different parts of Texas, and was for this made Marshal of Austin, on the principle that if he must kill somebody it was better to give him authority to kill other desperadoes than reputable citizens. As marshal it was his pleasure to pull up his buggy across the railroad track just as the daily express train was about to start, and covering the engineer with his revolver, bid him stay the train until he was ready to move on. He would then call some trembling acquaintance from the crowd on the platform and talk with him literarily until he thought he had successfully awed the engineer and established his authority. Then he would pick up his train and drive on, saying to the engineer: "You needn't think, sir, any corporation can hurry me."

One day a cowboy, who was a well known bully and a would-be desperado, shot seven bullet holes through the high hat of an Eastern traveler who was standing at the bar of an Austin hotel. Thompson heard of this, and, purchasing a high hat, entered the bar-room.

"I hear," said he, facing the cowboy, "that you are shooting plug hats here to-day; perhaps you would like to take a shot at mine." He then raised his revolver and shot away the cowboy's ear. "I meant," he said, "to hit your ear; did I do it?" The bully showed proof that he had. "Well, then," said the marshal, "get out of here," and catching the man by his cartridge belt he literally threw him into the street, and so put an end to his reputation as a desperate character forever.

Thompson was naturally unpopular with a certain class in the community. Two barkeepers, who had a personal grudge against him, with no doubt excellent reason, lay in ambush for him behind the two bars of the saloon, which stretched along either wall. Thompson entered the room, from the street, in ignorance of any plot against him, until the two men hailed him with shot-guns. They had him so surely at their pleasure that he made no effort to reach his revolver, but stood looking from one to the other and smiling grimly. But his reputation was so great, and their fear of him so actual, that both men missed him, although not twenty feet away, and with shotguns in their hands. Then Thompson took out his pistol deliberately, and killed them.

A few years ago he became involved in San Antonio with "Jack" Harris, the keeper of a gambling-house and variety theater. Harris lay in wait for Thompson behind the swinging doors of his saloon; but Thompson, as he crossed the Military Plaza, was warned of Harris's hiding-place, and shot him through the door. He was tried for the murder and acquitted on the ground of self-defence, and, on his return to Austin, was met at the station, by a brass band and all the fire companies. Perhaps inspired by this, he returned to San Antonio, and going to Harris's theater, then in the hands of his partner, Joe Foster, called from the gallery for Foster to come up and speak to him. Thompson had with him a desperado named King Fisher, and against him every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been very popular. Foster sent his assistant, a very young man named Bill Sims, to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

"I have come to have a reconciliation," said Thompson; "I want to shake hands with my old friend, Joe Foster. Tell him I won't leave till I see him, and I won't make a row."

Sims returned with Foster, and Thompson held out his hand.

"Joe," he said, "I have come all the way from Austin to shake hands with you. Let's make up and call it off."

"I can't shake hands with you, Ben," Foster said; "you killed my partner, and you know well enough I'm not the sort to forgo it. Now go, won't you? and don't make trouble."

Thompson said he would leave in a minute, but they must drink together first. There was a bar in the gallery, which was by this time packed with men who had learned of Thompson's presence in the theater, but Fisher and Thompson stood quite alone beside the bar. The marshal of Austin looked up and saw

Unused to Decoration

Aunt Hilda—Mary, I feel reel bad. They ain't a dog in our village but what'll come to me if I jest whistle, an' here I've been coaxin' these two of yours with doughnuts for ten minuts, an' they don't even look at me."

Foster's glass untouched before him, and said: "Aren't you drinking with me, Joe?"

Foster shook his head.

"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the man who won't drink with me, nor shake hands with me, fights me."

He reached back for his pistol, and someone—a jury of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bill Sims—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you could have covered the three bullet holes with a half-dollar. But so great was the desperate courage of this ruffian that even as he fell he fired, holding his revolver at his hip, and killing Foster, and then, as he lay on his back, with every nerve jerking in agony, he emptied his revolver into the floor, ripping great gashes in the boards about him. And so he died, as he would have elected to die, with his boots on, and with the report of his pistol the last sound to ring in his ears. King Fisher was killed at the same moment, and the *Express* spoke of it the next morning as "A Good Night's Work."

—*Richard Harding Davis in Harper's.*

Something About Bathing.

There are few subjects on which there is such a wide divergence of opinion as on bathing. Some physicians recommend hot baths, others cold, and yet others prescribe tepid water.

In many cases the directions are given merely on general principles and in accordance with time-worn customs, many of which should have been buried and forgotten centuries ago. There is just about as much sense in the generalizing of the bath question as there would be in the same amount of heterogeneous notions about the use of quinine, strychnine or other semi-deadly drugs. To the medical man who has a robust constitution, strong reactive faculties and a good deal of physical activity, a cold bath is a wonderfully beneficial institution and will do for people of his physical condition. But for those with little vitality and less reactive faculty there are few things which are more injurious, if not positively dangerous, than a cold bath.

Many a person has paid the penalty for such a mistake by loss of health, if not of life. While the bath in some form is unquestionably one of the most admirable auxiliaries to health and good conditions, there must be such a knowledge of its appropriateness to the individual that no errors of this sort are likely to be committed.

There is a certain class of persons who, when the bath is being discussed, invariably fall back upon the statement that, whatever else may be recommended, there is absolute safety in a tepid bath, and this can by no means ever do harm. A more serious mistake it would be difficult to make. As a case in point, it may be said that some years ago an invalid went to a mineral spring, especially for treatment. The water was highly charged with various remedial agents, and was considered of great value in the treatment of certain classes of disease, but it was always taken at a temperature of about ninety-one. The variation must not be more than a degree either way.

This invalid, accustomed to obey the orders of her physician meekly, took the baths for a few days, always leaving the bath-room in an exceedingly depressed and exhausted condition; so much so, indeed, that she seriously thought of giving up the baths altogether, with the idea that they were injurious rather than beneficial. There was chilliness and weariness unspeakable after each treatment and a gradual decline of the vital forces, which at length became somewhat alarming.

One day, the bath-maid was suddenly called away from her duties by an accident in another part of the building. The patient had been so docile, and had obeyed orders so strictly, that it was thought perfectly safe to leave her to take the bath by herself. Opportunity, however, gave her an idea. The baths were so arranged that the water was heated by steam turned on in the tub. No sooner had the maid disappeared than she turned on the steam in full force, and in a moment a time the thermometer registered one hundred and fourteen. After a few minutes of absolute luxury splashing about in this temperature, she took the cold dash, finished the operation with the usual rubbing with towels, omitting the heating of the towels, however, as it did not seem necessary, and made all haste to her apartments by a rear stairway. The maid came around to the room after a few minutes and asked if everything went all right in the bath, and was assured that it did.

The next day the lady asked the privilege of bathing by herself, on the plea that the necessary exercise seemed to assist the circulation.

A few days later the physician took great pains to boast of the efficacy of his treatment and to assure her that if she had given up the baths, as she proposed, goodness knows where she might have been by that time. She said nothing, preferring to wait and experiment.

After six weeks of stay at the baths, she left in a really excellent condition. Her final interview with the physician was not, as might be imagined, a very agreeable one for either party. The doctor had made her case a special boast in public and private, and to be told in the presence of other patients that she dated her improvement from the time that she discharged his orders was scarcely a pleasant fact for him to hear; nevertheless, he heard it, and was fortunately shrewd enough and sensible enough to draw some conclusions therefrom, which proved valuable to him in after years, for he entirely gave up the arbitrary notion that the temperature of the bath must stand ninety-one.

While such a course might not prove beneficial to all patients, it is perfectly safe to say that no bath should be administered that is not entirely agreeable to the person taking it. If the temperature is disagreeable or produces discomfort in any way, there is something wrong about it, and the whys and wherefores of the case should be carefully studied.

Sea-bathing should be indulged in with great caution by people whose vitality is low. Those who feel chilled and look blue and cold after being for a few moments in the water should leave it immediately. For such the hot bath is undoubtedly much more beneficial. Ironclad regulations about baths for children and young people are productive of almost endless evils. Many a child has been as deliberately murdered by its mother or nurse as though actual poison were administered. Of course, these are the sort of sacrifices that the perpetrators are never called to account for; but, nevertheless, they exist, and are much more common than practical, sensible people are willing to admit.

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22 good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

A Fast Young Man.

It—Gwacious me, Hoffy, whatevah's the mattah with youah clock? Wun down!
The Other—N-a-w; Lunnon time.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

The Development of the Australian Colonies.

M. E. Marin la Mesler gives us, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15, a very comprehensive, solid article on the development of the Australian Colonies, a great part of which is devoted to the career and policy of Sir Henry Parkes. He finds that the great point of interest in Australia is the labor question.

"The colonization of Australasia," he says, "has been an essentially British operation; it is the result of the efforts made by an intelligent and laborious democracy, whose tendencies have hitherto been rather conservative than revolutionary, guided, as it is, by men more remarkable for common sense and calm judgment than for more brilliant but more superficial qualities. One might be tempted to believe that the Australian political arena offers a very limited scope for the exercise of the faculties demanded by modern parliamentary science, for in their small assemblies local questions must naturally absorb the greater portion of the debates; and no doubt this is true up to a certain point. Under the present arrangement, all questions of foreign policy are excluded from the colonial parliamentary programme; but the British Colonies have full liberty to discuss and decide, in their respective jurisdictions, the gravest and deepest questions of political and social economy. Is it not one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time that these questions should be freely debated—from an ultra-liberal point of view—in a country destined, a century ago, to serve as a place of exit for insurgents against the social, moral or political order of their native country?

"The interest, therefore, concentrated in these young countries chiefly lies in the solution sought by the Australian legislators for the great social questions which are terrifying our old societies. The practical evolution of the economic problem, as it is taking place in Australia, is being watched in Europe with the greatest attention, and with the same interest which attached, a hundred years ago, to the republican and revolutionary movement in America. But that was a struggle of brute force—the combat between capital and labor to-day is chiefly intellectual and moral. The Australian democracy has formed an essentially practical conception of this struggle—it does not waste its time in philosophizing, and has no new theories to promulgate."

The following bird's-eye view of the nations, in this respect, is instructive: "No other nation, not even North America, has attained the measure of liberty enjoyed by the self-governing colonies of British Australasia. In Germany, where the Emperor is amusing himself with State Socialism, the emancipation of the toiling masses is still a dream; in England, liberty exists only in appearance, the people are still enslaved to old customs, and still find it easy to bend before an aristocracy who have relinquished none of their privileges. In France, the class of agricultural laborers who owes their emancipation to the Revolution of 1789, satisfied with their present condition, and shut up in their own selfishness, oppose a passive resistance to the emancipation of the working classes; these two great sections of the people have no sympathy with each other. In America, on both sides of all the liberty he enjoys, the workman is at the mercy of the monopolist, who, at every attempt to raise himself, has only to the swarming ant hill of the Old World and flood the great industrial cities of the Union with a mass of heterogeneous labor, composed of Polish Jews, Italian and Hungarian beggars and Russian peasants—by whose help he can get the better of all local resistance. In Australia there is nothing of all this—no agrarian question—no traditions of servitude—no foreign competition (M. Le Mesler appears to have overlooked the Chinese question), the field is clear—the capitalist and the workman are alone in presence of each other. Such a state of things is only possible as a consequence of unique political and other conditions," and it is the sequence of these conditions which M. Mesler proceeds to trace.

There is room for one more quotation only, from the end of the article: "The New South Wales elections have recently introduced a new element into the Legislative Assembly—in the shape of the Labor Party. It is difficult to forecast the effect which Australian Socialism will have upon the projected union of the colonies. If we may be permitted to risk an opinion, it seems to us that the organized effort of this new political power will tend toward the formation of the Australian United States, under a national flag independent of any foreign control."

Just as Much Fun and No Danger.

Col. Blood—Well, sir, I thoroughly agree with you—it is a mistake to discourage Northern enterprise by promiscuous shooting; but, remember, we are a high spirited people, and can't break off the habits of a life-time at once. If a man insults me I shoot—that's all there is about it—what do you advise?

Northern Capitalist—Use blank cartridges!—*Puck.*

AYER'S PILLS

Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked among the most popular of domestic remedies.

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"For over twenty years, I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my family, and have never known them fail to master the trouble for which they are taken. I should not feel safe to be without them."—J. W. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

"I have been selling Ayer's medicines for eight years and can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other."—J. J. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.

"I use Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them to be safe, mild, and efficient."—Dr. Charles Ryan, Elma, Miss.

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Every Dose Effective

Don't Throw Away Your Life

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PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEEF

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For Spring and Summer.

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Purchase of the Fireside Weekly.

The Sheppard Publishing Company, who until October 8, 1889, were proprietors of the FIRESIDE WEEKLY, have re-purchased the good-will of the paper from Mr. R. G. Wilkie, who has been conducting that journal for the past three years. The large subscription list of the FIRESIDE WEEKLY has been amalgamated with that of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, and all subscribers will receive this journal until the end of the term for which they have paid.

Dependent and Independent Girls.

IN a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Robert J. Burdette says that woman has no longer any particular sphere. Still, there are some people—and they are in the majority—old-fashioned enough to believe that home is woman's sphere. If we should consult our professional or business women about the matter, most of them would give the same opinion. Then why do they "go out into the hostile world, to work and strive, to plan and contrive!" as Schiller puts it.

First let us consider the reasons which they themselves give for taking such a course. With the majority the main object is to earn money. The use made of their earnings will decide whether or not theirs is a praiseworthy ambition. It must be admitted that many girls wish to gain money merely in order to dress better and to have more amusements, at the same time leaving their parents to struggle on in poverty. But on the other hand, how many there are who nobly and cheerfully go out into the world that they may be able to educate a brother, retrieve the family fortunes, or supply some of the comforts that their parents might have had before if they had not had daughters to educate. It may be that their earnings will buy only their own food and raiment, but their energy is spent in a cause none the less noble. These are the women who would be the best in the home. The common opinion, however, is that those who are successful in outside pursuits would not be successful at home. It is often thought that great talent shown for any one kind of work indicates an unfitness for all other branches; but when we see that talent is generally merely the result of hard work done thoughtfully, we learn to agree with a well known author that "he who does one thing well is likely to do many things well." If "genius be infinite patience," as Michael Angelo used to define it, the converse of our argument will also hold; the capable home girl, if thrown upon her own resources, would in all probability be self-supporting. Unselfishness is the most necessary virtue in a woman in any sphere, and if she is self-denying in her business or professional life success is almost sure to follow.

But money is not the goal of every girl's ambition, and may the day never come when we shall have to warn our girls against the greed of gold. Of the others, some work for fame and some from a sense of duty. Very little can be said in praise of the former class, for what true woman does not shrink from publicity? Indeed, publicity is often one of the heaviest crosses laid upon women who gain their own livelihood. Often fame is thrust upon them and they are obliged to take it thankfully in order to have a better chance of obtaining a good position; but inwardly they murmur against a fate which destroys all their privacy. So the girl who is eager to have all the world's gaze turned upon her little knows how unhappy a condition hers would be.

But those who leave home to undertake outside work from a mistaken sense of duty are most to be pitied. They either discover their error and find that their time has been wasted, or they labor on without that cheerful sense of satisfaction which is given to all who do right. Women of this class are usually sternly conscientious but narrow-minded. The daily and hourly self-abnegation so necessary in home life does not seem grand enough for the ideals that they have set up. They cannot see a real sacrifice unless there is a halo about the head of the victim. Intending to be the victim themselves, they forget that it is selfishness to wish their halo to be seen. Thus they look for some work which requires the utmost sacrifice of self. Though they may consider the position of the daughter at home as a most enviable one, yet they cannot see their duty in work which brings so much happiness along with the many nameless trials. To take a lower view, perhaps, they find it easier to do great things than little things, though they do not confess this even to themselves. There is always a certain element of excitement, a sort of martial music, about outside work, which makes the strife less unpleasant. Then the companionship of other girls engaged in the same occupation is very sustaining.

Wherever our girls may be placed, it is not likely that they will ever lose their housewifely instincts. With Teutonic tribes home was always a more sacred edifice than with other nations. In the heathen religion of our ancestors, long before they attacked the Roman provinces, we find that every hut was a temple; there was no order of priesthood, but every man was his own household priest. Afterwards these tribes were forced by the barrenness of their land to enter upon a roaring life. But when, a few years later, they overran the Roman dominions, do we find that they had forgotten how to build a home? And if the progress and civilization of fifteen centuries since have not destroyed this sacred attachment for home life, need we fear that our sisters and daughters will unintentionally remove a characteristic of our race?

JANET STONE JACKSON.

Newcastle, Ont.

The Drama.

AT a drawing-room held on June 20 by the Countess of Latham at the opening of her newly re-modeled house in London, Miss Jessie Alexander, the Canadian elocutionist, highly delighted an aristocratic audience, among whom were: The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Marchioness of Hearfort, Countess of Crawford, Lady Evelyn Lindsay, Honorable Constance Russell, Countess of Coventry, Countess of Wilton, Countess of Caledon, Lady Mary Stuart, Lady Latham and numerous others. Miss Alexander's reception was most cordial. Some of her child sketches in the quaint verse of Whitcomb Riley quite captivated her distinguished audience. Miss Alexander wore a pale pink silk costume from Liberty's of Paris. After visiting Edinburgh and the Highlands of Scotland Miss Alexander will probably return to fulfil American engagements in September.

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Oscar Wilde is again in the prominence he so well loves. This time he is to the front through the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to permit his new play Salome to be presented in England. Possibly Oscar anticipated this, some may even suspect that he builded upon this hope, for the piece is written in French, and will now be put on the stage in Paris with Bernhardt in the title *role*. Mr. Wilde has announced that he will remove to France and take out naturalization papers, being ashamed to longer remain a citizen of a country wherein the stage is subjected to gross insult. So he says. The play is said to hinge upon the request made by Herodias' daughter to Herod for the head of John the Baptist, and a plaster cast of the prophet's head will figure in the property introduced. Oscar Wilde very well defends his production. He says: "The painter is allowed to take his subjects where he chooses. He can go to the great Hebrew and Hebrew-Greek literature of the Bible and can paint Salome dancing, or Christ on the cross, or the Virgin with her child. Nobody interferes with the painter. Nobody says, 'Painting is such a vulgar art that you must not paint sacred things.' The sculptor is equally free. He can carve St. John the Baptist in his camel hair, and fashion the Madonna or Christ in bronze or in marble as he wills. Yet nobody says to him, 'Sculpture is such a vulgar art that you must not carve sacred things.' And the writer—the poet—he also is quite free. I can write about any subject I choose. For me there is no censorship. I can take any incident I like out of sacred literature and treat it as I choose, and there is no one to say to the poet, 'Poetry is such a vulgar art that you must not use it in treating sacred subjects.' But there is a censorship over the stage and acting, and the basis of that censorship is that, while vulgar subjects may be put on the stage and acted, while everything that is mean and low and shameful in life can be portrayed by actors, no actor is to be permitted to present, under artistic conditions, the great and ennobling subjects taken from the Bible. The insult in the suppression of Salome is an insult to the stage as a form of art, and not to me. I hold that this is as fine an art as any other art, and to refuse it the right to treat great and noble subjects is an insult to the stage. The action of the Censorship in England is odious and ridiculous. What can be said of a body that forbids Massenet's Herodiade, Gounod's Reine de Saba, Rubinstein's Judas Maccabeus, and allows Divorcons to be placed on any stage? The artistic treatment of moral and elevating subjects is discouraged, while a free course is given to the representation of disgusting and revolting subjects."

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L'zzie Annandale will sing in The Tar and Tartar.

•

Fanny Davenport began her professional career as a performer in the Black Crook in a Louisville theater.

•

Nora Machree is the name of a play in which Sadie Scanlan is to star next season under the management of Sid. Ellis.

•

Robert Mantell has signed a five years' contract to act under the management of Proctor & Turner. He will soon produce A Face in the Moonlight.

•

The loss on four weeks' exploiting of The Robber of the Rhine at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York exceeded $40,000, including the original cost of production. A young man named Pratt with no theatrical experience and a big bank account footed the bills.

Ultra Polite

There is a good story about an old gentleman who had been accustomed to go to Egypt every year with an old crony as a traveling companion. One year his friend died, and was accordingly unable to go. The old gentleman, after much thought, inserted an advertisement asking any one who wished to go to Egypt under pleasant auspices to apply to him, and gave his address.

This advertisement was seen late at night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile, and then told the cabby porter to call a hansom. The cab was procured, and with a little muscular exertion on the part of the porter and the cabby, the young man was stowed away in its recesses.

He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there, he was assisted to the pavement and with much dignity ordered the cabby to practice on the bell and knocker of the old-fashioned residence.

The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and after a parley, conducted with explosive indignation, which was met with ineffable assurance from the pavement, the ancient came down and unbolted the door. When he had picked up the diner and stood him in the corner, the following conversation took place:

"Now, sir, what do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Come t'anshar 'vertishment."

"Well, sir, this is no time to come on such an errand. What have you to say?"

"I've come to tell you—verry sor-ry—can't go with you."

A Bit of Rubbish.

WHAT a beautiful, beautiful place it was to the little street arab, that green Paradise in the center of the great city—a cemetery. An odd spot, one would think, for a boy, and that boy a street arab, to choose as his playground. The very fact of its being specially forbidden to children had been the first inducement to explore, and, moreover, his childish sense of beauty was aroused by the cool, relieving colors—the trees and grass taming the glaring white with green.

In daylight the tall, solemn gravestones held no terrors for him: the sole object of dread was the cross policeman who paced up and down before the gates; if this ogre could be evaded, Ulysses was safe. How he had managed to elude the vigilant "peeler" so far was a mystery even to himself, and in consequence he entertained a silent contempt for the defender of the peace.

Ulysses was a mulatto. Although he contemptuously called his paler-skinned tormentors "white trash," he secretly and fervently wished that his own tough little body were of a different color.

The folks in the Slattery Flats said that Ulysses was "queer in the head"—"Crazy 'Lasses" they called him, and took advantage of his mental weakness to teach him every evil under the sun. He was nobody's child and everybody's butt. He was the scapegoat of the flats, but, unlike the goat, poor child, he returned from the wilderness only to be sent out again.

There were just two persons in the vicinity who were polite to Ulysses—the old woman who sold "circus" lemonade and dubious doughnuts on the corner, and the one-armed rag-collector. And it must be owned that their politeness was rather politic than voluntary, for the young scamp would lose no opportunity of filching a dainty from the corner stall, or of tormenting the old pedlar whose one arm was needed to trundle the cart of cheap tins, and who could not defend himself.

The district visitor who came once a month, and held up skirts and nose as she passed from house to house, called Ulysses a "chosen vessel of wrath" and told him that if he would get his clothes mended, his face and hands washed and say his prayers every morning and never use bad words and be a polite little boy, she would allow him to come to her Sunday school class. He never obtained the privilege.

To the dainty ladies who pulled aside their gowns as he passed them on the street, Ulysses was a source of wondering disgust—a fearful exception to the general happy run of children. But he was no exception. He was only one of a thousand in the same or a worse plight; just a rough, useless chip in the great heap of human rubbish.

We that have done well unto ourselves, do we ever really realize what it means to be hungry, to be cold, to be altogether abominable in the sight of men? Like the legendary bishop of the Rhine we shut our ears to the cry of the children, we curtain our windows, we wrap fure about us to keep out the unpleasant sounds and sights; their very importunity forces us to do something in self-defence. Then we choose a few, perhaps leaving those who have the least chance of ever becoming better, and thrust them into homes, orphan asylums, reformatories and practically pauperize them. Need we wonder if they turn upon us and rend us, even as the rats did the bishop?

A little love! a little love!—that is the cry, and until we satisfy their hearts our asylums and homes are merely satires.

Ulysses bothered his curly pate very little about such problems, and least of all when under the trees in the south corner of the cemetery, his grimy fingers thrust deep into the tall, cool grass, his ear on the alert for every sound of living thing. He would lie on his back and look up with blinking eyes as the sunbeams danced down the trunks of the maple trees, and he would laugh in subdued mirth when the breeze fluttered a loose leaf upon his face, where it lay and tickled.

One day a new grave was opened quite near the sunny corner where Ulysses usually played and chattered to the ants and the big beetle. This was an ordinary occurrence, but the surprising thing to find in that part of the cemetery was the stone placed over the grave, for the south corner was considered exclusively the poor man's scrap of God's acre, and the white marble statue could mark the resting-place no poor man's child.

This fact gave the new grave a special interest to Ulysses. He would look to it with relief from the crowd of tiny, wooden shingles inscribed with black paint, the ugly little tablets which mar the graves of the very poor. But it was not till after the erection of the monument that he dared to approach for a near inspection of the novel, pretty thing.

It was a statue of Astaroth, the Sidonian goddess, put over the grave of a christian child. The parents did not know the difference, neither did Ulysses, and the graceful, white figure was a joy to both. What matter then?

The little mulatto crept close to the statue and looked up wonderingly into the marble stillness of the face, and loved it. He had never come quite so close to purity and beauty before. Strange! that a goddess of evil should arouse in the boy almost his first gentle thoughts. He laid his hands upon the white folds of drapery and admired the contrast so disparaging to himself.

After that day Ulysses spent every moment of his spare time in the cemetery. The "beautiful lady" held the first place in his heart. He told the ants and the big beetle about her, but he saw that the former were too busy and the latter too lazy to take much interest in his new friend, and the maple leaves whispered among themselves as he crooned to the tall grass an unintelligible song. But the ants and the beetle and the leaves and the grass went away with the summer, and the statue alone remained of his friends.

As the days grew shorter and the breezes grew into winds the south corner was not so cheery, and somehow Ulysses felt the cold that autumn more than ever before. Necessity, the Spartan mother of the poor, had tested the boy's strength and found it wanting. The neighbors in the Slattery Flats told Aunt Chloe (the old negress with whom he lived, or rather existed) that "'Lasses was goin' to lay hisself by likely, she'd oughter keep him by the stove." Aunt Chloe would toss her head and answer that "she didn't mind his company, but she'd as lief have his room."

One afternoon—it was wretchedly cold and damp—Ulysses, as usual, scrambled over the fence of the cemetery and went to his lady. His little legs were growing less supple every day, and he wondered, with a droll horror, how he should escape if the policeman were to see him.

He leaned close against the figure and wished that the white gown was warmer. He gazed into the serene face and fancied, as he often did, that it smiled on him. He had a vague idea that if once those round white arms could clasp his body they would fold him so soft, endless sleep and rest. And rest was what he wanted; he was so tired, oh, so tired and cold. But when he clambered upon the pedestal and reached his hand to the smooth, white one pointing westward, there was no heat or life in it, and he slipped wearily to the ground.

"What are you doing here?" A rough voice, the policeman's voice, made Ulysses start to his feet, but he could not run; a hand grasped his collar.

He stammered and looked helplessly into the cross face; his ready wit and sauciness failed him now.

"You young vagabond! Do you know what that sign at the gate means? 'Any children entering these grounds without their guardians will be prosecuted.' Now, if ever I catch you here again you'll be prosecuted. Off with you!"

Ulysses did not wait to be told. That big word "prosecuted" and the loud voice gave wings of terror to his weak legs.

The next day he could not have gone to the cemetery even if he had wished to brave the staring sign and the cross policeman. Nine years of semi-starvation and of vagrancy had by degrees eaten all vitality out of the slim, dark body, and for the next few days Ulysses lay quietly on the hard, filthy mattress in Aunt Chloe's kitchen, languidly watching the women who, with the morbid love of their kind for deathbeds or funerals, crowded the small, close room. He was too weak even to swear at the curious children who sat huddled at the foot of his mattress, and by this alone they concluded that 'Lasses was pretty sick.

Even the repeated adjurations of those piously inclined to "pray hard, or he'd go slap-bang to hell," did not rouse him. The first sign of interest he showed was when he caught the word "cemetery."

"I can't go there no more," he said feebly.

The woman nearest his pillow heard and comforted him.

"Yes, honey, you kin. T'won't be very long afore you'll be lyin' in a snug hole, high and dry."

"No," he protested, "children without guardyans pros—cu—"

The querulous voice died away in a sigh and the women fell back a pace as Aunt Chloe cried sharply, "He's dead!"

Ulysses paid one more visit to the cemetery and this time he passed boldly through the gate, with the sign and the policeman looking on. They buried him quite near his beautiful lady, and one of the women who stood by said that the statue smiled as the little coffin was lowered.

But Aunt Chloe called her a fool. T. T. M.

Cricket News.

THE big scores of the week were Terry's 90 against Aurora and Dyce Saunders' 82 for Guelph against Brampton. Mr. Terry has been scoring so well all season and making his runs by such excellent cricket that I fully expect him to do something handsome when the Canadian eleven goes down to Philadelphia. Mr. Goldingham also should bud out into something bigger than a local terror—he should terrorize the Americans by putting up one of his neat centuries in the international game. This pair must do something this year or a sad reproach will be felt by all Canadian cricketers.

The game is being played with diligence and solid enthusiasm all over western Ontario this year. It is growing in favor, as people grow tired of the fights and accidents which seem this year inseparable from the other field games. During the past week Chatham, Sarnia, Galt, Berlin, Woodstock, Seaforth, Brussels, Brampton, Guelph and a dozen other towns have been the scene of good matches, and many sterling cricketers are on the way. The Toronto clubs should go in for tours through the west more than they do, because it would encourage the game and some new men would be discovered. Here is a route which, I think, no Toronto team has yet traveled, although the train connections are splendid, right up the Grand Trunk. The tour could open either at Brampton or Georgetown, then on to Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, Seaforth and Clinton. This would fill a week, and the tourists, after playing in Clinton on a Saturday, could return to Toronto the same night. Heretofore all tours have been east to Ottawa or over Peterboro' way or west to Detroit, but new ground might well be broken towards Lake Huron and Georgian Bay.

Lyall of Parkdale made 25 against East Toronto this week, and Stephenson of the latter team made 43 against Pickering on Tuesday. Dr. Stevenson of Aurora put together 17 and 24 against Toronto on the same day. It is no great performance for him either. The London Asylum tour this week is quite a cricket feast, of which I shall speak in next issue.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

A Philosophical Little Head.

Young Wife.—Dear me! I put that plaster of Paris in an old baking powder can; and now I don't know which is the baking powder and which is the plaster.

Husband.—What do you want to do?

"I want to mend a lamp."

"Well, you can only tell by experimenting."

"Of course. Why didn't I think of that? I will make two sponge cakes, and put one in one and the other in the other."

A Diplomatic Answer.

Impatient Guest.—How long is my steak going to be?

Waiter.—About eight inches, boss—we give big portions here.

Belleville Beauty.

(See R. G.'s Prince Edward Beauty last week.)

For Saturday Night.

You're extolled Prince Edward's beauty,
Told of eyes so bright and gay,
Ah! but see surpassing beauty
Only just across the Bay.

Just across that sheet of water
Quinte! why wert thou thus named?
Guarded from the lake's rough tempest
By an arm of land so famed.

Yes, you told how near perfection
Your sweet idol seemed to you,
From her bright and wary tresses
To her dainty little shoe.

Music skilled and fairy dances,
She was wise as Solon too,
And her size you say suggested
That there never could be two.

Well, when praise has done its utmost
Singing words sweet and sublime,
Maids will still be found in Belleville
That high apex to outshine.

And the eyes of those fair maidens
Are as lovely unnamed gems,
Whose sparkling luster rivals
All known earthly diadems.

Wavy hair like summer sunbeams,
Or black as coals, and head
And nose and chin Apollo ne'er
Did the equal see, 'tis said.

And never rose so sweet did grow,
Never guarded more secure
Than those lips, encasing pearls
With a beauty man to lure.

With a form that far surpasses
Models of the ancient Greek,
Curves and lines and grace of action
Making symmetry complete.

Is it then so much a wonder
When a stranger sees these charms,
Ne'er again can he be happy
Till he holds them in his arms?

Is it strange when once he views them
All his life seems yet before?
And he longs for the returning
To the northern Quinte shore.

Let no songs about Prince Edward
Mar man's chance for happy life,
Belleville's beauteous, lovely women
Make alone th' ideal wife.

Belleville, Ont. M.

A Betrothal.

For Saturday Night.

I dreamed that skies were fair,
That love was law
And June was here.
I wandered on through summer woods,
All daisy-starred, and you were near.
The lark flew high above us,
The brook went babbling on,
I dreamed, dear, that you loved me,
And life was one glad song.

O, love! I slumped you fast,
Your hand in mine,
Your head downcast
And sheltered close upon my breast.
My lips sought yours in kisses sweet,
Your fluttering heart upon mine beat,
And upward glances, shy and fleet,
Told all you could not speak.

The dream is done, my sweet,
The day has fled
And we have met
And stand together side by side.
Shall this my dream's fulfilling be?
I love you deathlessly, my sweet,
I kneel with pleading at your feet.
O come, my darling, be with me
Through love's eternity.

Owego, N. Y. CARRIE M. MURDOCH.

Evening—A July Idyl.

For Saturday Night.

The maples rustle stifully,
The elms their branches bend;
The weary cattle lazily
Their homeward pathway wend;
The cricketic tune the hay sward
Their vibrant harps have taken;
The garden, by the busy hords
Of humming bees forsaken,
Bestows upon the sultry breeze
A kiss with sweetness laden;
The limpid lilacs fold their leaves,
And dream of far-off, fairy Aldeen,
As from the lofty locust tree
Ascends a wafl of incense rare;
And by the streamlet thro' the lea
Without a thought of care,
The frogs are piping merrily
To the murm'ring of the reeds,
As on the wavlet, cheerily
The elf-king onward speeds.
And one by one on the darkening sky
The night's bright sentinels muster,
And to guard the queen of the heavens high,
They gallantly round her shield.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILSON.

The Love of Life.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet to hear the hunter's horn
And deepening cries of hounds afar
Across the hills where I was born
And all the joys of memory are.

'Tis sweet to catch the first pale ray
That ushers in another morn,
And sweet to breathe the same old way
The fragrant breath of early dawn.

'Tis sweet to see a floating cloud
Unfolding fancies fair on high;
But and the dark celestial shroud
That glooms its pathway far and nigh.

'Tis sweet to see a rose in bloom,
With all its pearly tenders flying;
But and, how and, to see its tomb
When all the winter winds are sighing.

Oh! life is sweet, how sweet to live
When all is life and love around us;
But life is sad, how sad it is
When life has lost the tie that bound us.

A. A. S.

A Parody.

For Saturday Night

'Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All the brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its vintage
Reflects back its hue—
They went in mint julips,
And this will go too!

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Too long in suspense;
Thy brothers were melted
And melt then, to pence!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend, and not spare,
Till my old tattered pocket
Hangs emptiest and bare!

TOT

Between You and Me.

A CERTAIN gray and graceful kitten, whose tail blots my pages with impunity, directs the first thought to day. A cat has a way of preserving her dignity under the most trying circumstances, which has long made her an object of my envy. Who ever saw a cat suffering from shame or owning to a misdeed? It is true that no pussy will remain on the table from which she has been gaily purloining when any one enters the room. But her speedy flight is from fear of consequences, not grief for her sins. I do not for a moment maintain that a cat is so deserving an animal as a dog. She never acknowledges an obligation, but some people weary of the expression of gratitude and to them I would commend the grave-eyed, soft-footed creature that was worshipped in the land of the Sphinx. Being so ardent a patron of the feline race, you will not wonder that I lent an attentive ear to the following notes on the character of a cat, related to me one hot afternoon last week. I tell it to you because it contains an unexampled instance of cat depravity. He was a maltese and had been found in a wood by some berry-pickers, so his origin was bad, but he was very handsome. His appetite grew with his beauty. The home to which he had attached himself did not prove sufficient in the way of larder, so he levied contributions from the neighbors. One day company was expected and five custard pies were cooling near the pantry window. He was discovered and hurled headlong when he had emptied the fourth pie. What a pity they did not wait to see if he could empty the fifth! The cat conceived the brilliant idea of revenging himself on his enemies. When the tea things were finished and the family were enjoying the cool of the evening on the veranda, from the dining-room came a distinct series of thuds. The cat was jumping on and off the table. Notwithstanding the fact that nothing had been left on the table, the mistress grew uneasy and went to see; of course there was nothing on the table, and the cat fled grinning through the door. I don't like to hear of a cat like that; it is too much like an evil spirit.

I saw two small girls on a wild carouse the other day. We were in an open street car. The two little girls sat opposite me, and it became evident that each had been presented with the giddy sum of five cents. One paid their way, the other had recklessly provided the company with five cents' worth of large, sticky balls, capable of rendering a person speechless and happy for five minutes. Didn't we use to call them bull's eyes? Now a ride round the belt line and a limited supply of bull's eyes may seem a sorry treat. But the bright eyes, the long sighs of contentment spoke purer pleasure to me than any I have seen for many a day.

I came up from down town opposite a girl with a sunburned nose to-day and I wished that mine were sunburned too. She had such an air of having made pleasure her business that it was quite exciting to sit near her. She told the conductor when he came round that she didn't want any tickets and put in five cents. Now a person who lives in the city always wants tickets, so she must be going to get more sunburn this afternoon. My blessing go with you, girl with the sunburned nose, and let me tell you, it looked very nice.

Pride leads us into curious antics sometimes. It needs for most of us more than a few years to reach the point where we can frankly acknowledge that we are wrong. But of all strange tricks how often you will find yourself confessing to the wrong person, that is, if you are like me. You have been unreasonable or cross and your conscience, never in better working order, pricks you into feeling that you ought to say so. The proper person to confess to is not beside you, but someone else is and your slidey soul says it will do quite as well to confess to the someone else. I didn't think myself capable of it till I found that I had done it. Some flaws in our character we point out indifferently enough, pride for instance. But who will say I am a coward? It is a very good thing, too, for the fear of being thought a coward often makes us brave. Every time you pass through what you think a danger and show no sign of fear, you increase your self-respect and generally escape a nervous headache. It pays; try it the next time. The swift denial to imputed cowardice is an instinct. Children will say they are not afraid unless driven to an extremity. You expect to be believed, too, in spite of the most damning circumstantial evidence.

One summer evening long ago three children were walking along a mountain road near sundown. They were going to meet a carriage and get a ride back. The road led them into a wood which stretched dark and gloomy to the top of the mountain. The children stopped talking and stepped carefully. It was very dark and quiet. There was a crash in the woods, startlingly loud. The children took to their heels and made excellent time to the end of the wood. I don't remember who began, but I shouldn't wonder if the girl had been first to say, "I just wanted to see who could run the fastest; I wasn't afraid." The two boys agreed with her and they trudged on to meet the carriage, their little bosoms glowing with honest pride.

If you want to forget your troubles I know of no quicker way than to get a book. Select it with care. It must be light, interesting, cool. There are a few books like this that are not love stories, but very few. It is safer to choose a love story. No religious difficulties need apply, and it must be simple. People don't want to take the square root of any sentence when they are tired. And above all it must end well. If he dies, I don't care if it be in the odor of sanctity, or if she dies, not even if it be in his arms, I won't read it. If either of them marries the person who is in the way, give it as a punishment to the people who do that kind of thing. I think myself it has an immoral tendency. That all sounds very shocking, but one can be lazy and yet quite respectable in summer.

What a comfort it is that far inside of your being there is something that no person can touch. It is that something that makes every man to himself so interesting. "Said I to myself, said I." That dear myself. There I am a little different from every other man or woman that ever was or ever will be. It is the foundation of self-respect, the secret of the ages. What a comfort it is that no matter how much you will tell in your silly moments, something always remains untold because no words can tell it. There is another way of forgetting your troubles that comes in better here than it would have done above. Do something that you know will make another person happy. Don't let the fear of spoiling your own happiness make you see crooked, and if the world isn't as bright as a rainbow never again believe

PENNY.

Individualities.

Poor Fame! Now Ouida, of all the great people in the world, is declaiming against her, with the cry of the *decadent*, who is tired of life. Fame is such a nuisance! Ouida laments that "the owner of a well known name can no longer obtain the repose of solitude. Never," she adds, in the not unsuitable columns of an American magazine, "was pre eminence in art or in any career rendered so extremely uncomfortable as in our time." And the worst of the matter is, so Ouida says, that this dreadful condition of affairs is going to get worse before it gets better.

From his earliest days at sea Prince George has ever been a thoroughly efficient and also a popular officer, not only with his comrades in the gun-room or the ward-room, but also with all the men over whom he has had command. As a midshipman he was always keen to do all in his power to render the boat's crew or the gun intrusted to his charge the smartest and best-handled in the ship; as a lieutenant he was always alive to all the individual characters of the men of his division. Those who showed themselves neat, steady, smart and eager to fulfil their duties and get on, he was ever ready to encourage by word and sympathy and helping hand.

The Duke of York has taken his seat in the House of Peers amidst the cordial goodwill of the nation, but so far as the ceremony itself went there was little to fire the popular imagination. I often think that if women were in Parliament political functions would at least gain in spectacular effect, for I am quite sure that if a new peeress were to have to take the oath and sign the roll she would never be content to don her new robes—and how lovely they might be made!—make three curtseys to the Lord Chancellor, and be allotted ten minutes altogether in which to display her finery. With ladies in Parliament political life would be infinitely prettier, even if it were not more serious and business-like, and such opportunities as the introduction of a new royal duchess to the House of Lords would not be so hopelessly wasted as it is now that Parliament is the monopoly of the un-picturesque sex.

Never have the domestic charms and graces of pussycat been more brightly or more wittily apostrophized than in Agnes Repplier's essay on her own especial tabby "Agrippiana." "This," says she, "is the sphinx of the hearthstone, the little god of domesticity, whose presence turns a house into a home. Even the chilly desolation of a hotel may be rendered endurable by these affable and domestic creatures; for one of them, as we know, once welcomed Sir Walter Scott and softened for him the unfamiliar and unloved surroundings. 'There are no dogs in the hotel where I lodge,' he writes to Abbotsford from London, 'but a tolerably conversable cat, who eats a mess of cream with me in the morning.' Of course it did, the wise and lynx-eyed beast! I make no doubt that, day after day and week after week, that cat had wandered superbly amid the common throng of lodgers, showing favor to none, and growing cynical and disillusionized by constant contact with a crowd."

About fifteen years ago the manuscript of a certain novel was handed to Herr Alfred Klaar for criticism. The authoress, who called herself Lola Kirschner, was then living with her sister, who was devoting her life to painting. At that time the novelist must have been about twenty-four, for Dr. Kirschner's somewhat indiscreet literary calendar gives 1853 as the year of her birth. Her first idea was to become a singer, but after a short period of instruction she lost her voice. Encouraged by Herr Klaar's favorable opinion of her first attempt, she wrote another novel and sent it to Dr. Julius Rodenberg for insertion in the *Deutsche Rundschaw*, but she concealed her name and her sex and styled herself Ossip Schubin, and Dr. Rodenberg at first took her for a Russian who was confiding her talent to him. Just then, too, Russian literature was the fashion in Germany. The secret of the pseudonym, however, has been out for some time now, and since a portrait of Lola Kirschner, by Gussow, has made the round of the European galleries, physiognomists have understood why the German lady from Prague, with the half-Slav face and the capricious features, assumed the name of Ossip Schubin.

Little King Alfonso seems to be becoming the prop and mainstay of the particular type of gossips who devote themselves to the circulation of interesting and more or less veracious particulars about royal personages. Only a few days ago we heard the very improbable story of how the baby monarch, at the age of six, had become a fluent conversationalist in no fewer than three foreign languages. This extremely credible information has been promptly followed up by an account of a "strange escapade" in which the miniature sovereign is said to have indulged. With much minuteness of corroborative detail we are informed how the small Alfonso, being suddenly missed from the garden at Royat, where he was playing with his elder sister, was discovered, after a prolonged search, in the casino, habited in the motley garb of a miniature clown. It is explained that his most sacred majesty had purposely betaken himself to the theater, and had there induced a loyal workman to disguise his royal person in the garb which the melancholy Jacques describes as "your only wear." It is a pretty enough story as it stands, and perhaps it is a pity to spoil it by suggesting that it bears internal evidence of belonging, not to the *vero*, but to the *ben trovato* class of royal anecdote.

Her Charlie.

OH! that the country were rid of these dusky marauders. Freely they revenge themselves on us, and my prayer is that the oppressors may feel the talons of the law."

So said John Allington as he went through his fields and found that his crop, which had been cut but a few days before, had been carried off. John owned a large farm in the state of Texas, and cultivated his broad acres to the best possible advantage. Just at this period a war between Mexico and the United States seemed inevitable, and indeed this last act of the Mexicans towards John's farm showed that hostilities were making rapid progress.

Next morning, long before the sun had risen, John Allington was up and making diligent search for his herd of cattle, but they, too, had been appropriated. The truth was apparent, they had been taken by the Mexicans, and this sad reflection made the loyal John very wroth. Whilst he stood mournfully surveying his fields and scanning the horizon, a body of American cavalry approached him.

"Friend," said the captain, "you know the country; come with us and aid me in finding where this Mexican Zarallo and his followers have encamped."

Silently the obedient farmer mounted his horse and led the way. They traveled toward a range of mountains, and securing their horses to some trees they cautiously advanced. Soon smoke was seen arising from a clump of trees in a lonely valley. There in the changeful light of their camp fire the troopers laughed and chatted. Others were playing cards, and others were taking copious draughts from "pocket pistols," which do not always kill at a single discharge.

"Ave Marie!" said Zarallo, taking his long pipe from his mouth, "let us get ready and march. The eagle with his sharp beak will soon arise. Make way, ye vagabonds, and cease your play; Zarallo commands that——"

The sentence was never finished. A volley distinct as a single shot flashed from the hidden Yankees and Zarallo was no more. Though surprised, their dusky foes fought desperately. Impelled by a reckless thirst for vengeance, they continued to fight till overpowered. Some escaped, and among them was Zarallo's son Cruzado. The victors camped in the little valley till morning and then marched away north.

John Allington returned to his farm and with him a babe. He had heard a feeble cry in the midst of the strife and on closer search found a tiny babe lying beside the corpse of a stalwart Mexican. So he took it home, saying to himself, "John Allington will be a father to you, poor thing."

John presented it to his wife, and she having an infant daughter at her breast reared up both and cared for them as only a mother can. She considered herself in duty bound to instruct both in the narrow way, which though often hard to travel leads to great reward.

The years rolled on and as yet no one came to claim the boy. He was christened Charlie Allington, and he called his protectors "father" and "mother," and his playmate "sister." As he grew to manhood he manifested little interest in religious affairs, and was not near so sedate as Mary, the farmer's only child. John often used to sagely remark, "What's bred in the bone etc." He reminded the youth that there was but one United States forever remember that. Secretly the boy disliked these orations and longed for a change.

Yet he loved Mary, and as he grew to manhood and gazed on her tranquil countenance he loved her with the strong affection of a brother; his heart glowed and the warm blush mounted to his cheek.

One night as they were returning home together, Charlie seemed to have suddenly become very melancholy.

"Do not be cast down, brother, and hide nothing from your Mary."

"Call me not brother, as I am not that, but a Mexican foundling who owes his life to your father. It often seems an honored name will yet be mine. Alas! I have neither father nor mother, and am alone but for you, Mary."

"Charlie, you are not alone whilst you possess my love. Cheer up; remember that yonder dark cloud which floats in the far horizon has a silver lining."

"Yes, to such as the rich Mr. Morton," said Charlie, for he knew John Allington cherished at heart a marriage between his daughter and the rich rancher, Morton.

For answer she hid her face on his shoulder and her trembling hand rested in his. They talked of future plans as they slowly walked to the old homestead. They entered the house together and at a glance the stern father noticed a troubled expression in Mary's face and comprehended its meaning.

"Charlie," said he solemnly, "for twenty years I have watched over you, and now you place a thorn in my flesh. Why is your countenance changed, Mary? Remember the fifth commandment, the only one with a promise attached, and do not bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. You cannot hope to win her, for Morton will be her husband. If she married you her happiness would be sacrificed. They who would enjoy true happiness must learn to crucify the human passions."

"Sir," said Charlie, "we have grown up together as two trees, firm in our friendship. I can only look on her face as on that of an angel, and——"

"Silence! you miserable Zarallo foundling, to talk thus. I have tried to guide you, but it is of avail. A yearning for your parents has taken no the place of religion in your heart. Were I to give you my consent—but promise never thus to speak to Mary again, or else by the dawn you leave this house forever."

"Your last order can I obey, but your first never," answered Charlie firmly.

"Never! Then you leave this sheltering roof."

"I will," said Charlie, with faltering voice. "Farewell, Mary—farewell. I did not expect this, but do not give your hand to another—we shall meet again."

"Tarry," said the farmer. "Receive my blessing, this purse, and here is a trifle I found about your neck when a babe." So saying the old man placed in his trembling hand a ring and a locket, which contained a woman's picture and a lock of hair. Charlie groaned, took the tokens and dashed from the house.

Mary wept long and bitterly, and even the old farmer soon repented and wished to undo his hasty words. "A warm heart," he often said as he drew his sleeve over his eyes. Yet no word was heard from the absent Charlie, and they regarded him as forever lost to the old homestead in the little valley.

. . . . . .

A few years later the Allington homestead was again the scene of strife. Zarallo's son cherished a sworn vengeance against the Yankee farmer, who had betrayed his father's troopers, and he determined to make a decisive movement.

With a few picked Mexican troopers he surrounded the house on a dark winter's night. Carefully they advanced on tiptoe to the door and listened. They heard the farmer and Morton, the rancher, were talking of times gone by; of the battle; the foundling; and of Zarallo.

At the mention of his father's name the Mexican forced in the door and pointing a pistol at the old man's head, he exclaimed, "Hallo! old Dorados, my pigeon, there is no catching trout unless we wet our trowsers. Shall we despatch them at once?" asked Cruzado of the sergeant.

"No," said the sergeant; "bind them and we will take them to your uncle the general. He hates their nation and will do them justice."

"Spare my father!" screamed the terrified Mary.

For answer Zarallo's son, Cruzado, bound her, and would have been careless about it had not a Mexican soldier, Laraos, spoken and said: "Leave the fair senora to me; I will watch that she escapes not." Thus the party pursued their journey, and at length the prisoners, weary and worn, arrived at the Mexican camp.

As the prisoners entered the Mexican camp Colonel Zarado, a brother of the late chief, said, while a look of satisfaction gleamed in his sparkling eyes, "I can reward such betrayers, and to you, old graybeard, I promise death."

The colonel's speech is not lost to a silent Mexican captain, whom the troops called Antacino, who narrowly watched the prisoners to see the effect of these terrible words. Painful thoughts seem to engage him, for the tears filled his eyes and he gazed far away towards the distant hills.

"Colonel," said the farmer, "shed my blood, but spare my daughter's. There is a day coming when we all shall be judged, and with what measure we mete it——"

"Silence!" roared Zarado. "Lead them forth, and shoot before sunrise."

In the gloom of the night Antacino, the Mexican captain, sought the tent of his comrade, the soldier Laraos. He awoke him and asked:

"Laraos, where did you find them?"

"Why, Antacino, in an old house in a gloomy valley. I took charge of the fair senora and did not bind her too tightly."

The captain was silent for some moments, but at length he said, "You found a gentleman in the house too?" There was an earnestness in his tone.

"Yes," answered the sleepy soldier.

"Now, Laraos, you have never failed me. Have three horses in readiness for the father—herself—and her husband, and tell the lady none shall die. Give her this ring as a pledge." So saying he took a ring from his finger, handed it to Laraos and left the tent.

It was now midnight. Two sentinels were dozing at their post before the entrance to the tent in which the doomed prisoners were bound. Suddenly one of the sentinels arose, for he heard a voice.

"Ave Marie! it is a chilly night, comrade," said the advancing figure.

"I know you not. Are you of our troop?"

"It matters not," said the other; "but you are welcome to some of my Modego," and he drew a flask from beneath his cloak. The sentinels drank, smacked their lips significantly, and declared it excellent. The stranger produced another flask.

"Drink again," and drawing his cloak around him he said "good night."

A short time after he returned and found that the sentinels were in a stupor owing to the drugged liquor, and were fast asleep. He entered the tent and aroused the prisoners. Soon their bonds were cut and he bade them follow him. Swiftly they rode to the distant hills to the very spot where the farmer had found the babe years before. Then the faithful Laraos said to Mary, "Tarry not, and accept this ring and purse." He disappeared, returned noiselessly to the camp and in the morning reported his success to the Captain Antacino.

As the little body of refugees rode swiftly onward they talked of their deliverance and Mary told them of the ring.

"'Tis Charlie's ring and he has saved us," exclaimed the farmer.

"My Charlie! Oh! he lives—he lives!" said Mary; and at these words Morton groaned aloud but said nothing.

"It is strange," said the farmer, "that the boy has so much gratitude, and what is even stranger see how the Mexican took us to the very spot where I first found him. It grieves me to think of him being in an enemy's ranks."

So on they went, the all-important topic being paramount in each person's mind till at length they were safe. They drew rein, and kneeling on a mossy bank returned thanks to Him who with an unseen hand guides us along the dangerous paths of life.

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We need not dwell to describe the rage of the Mexican general when he found his prisoners had escaped. The sentinels received their deserts, and he even cast auspicious glances at Captain Antacino, but feared to accuse him. A search was made but of no avail, and he was forced to content himself with nursing his lodged hate.

Captain Antacino at length grew weary of the service and resigned. He was disgusted with the butcheries so often permitted. He traveled north and after some days crossed the line.

It is now necessary that we accompany the farmer and his daughter to their old home. On their return they found that the kind-hearted neighbors had looked after their property during their absence. One night as they were talking of times gone by, three horsemen arrived at the gate.

"It is our friend Mr. Morton and two strangers," said the farmer, but as they drew nearer he exclaimed. "Oh, my boy, Charlie—come home again—God bless you," and he embraced him. Just at this moment a tall, elderly gentleman entered. "This is my father, Lord Rooke," said Charlie, "and through the kindness of my grateful friend, Mr. Morton, I have at last solved the mystery of my parentage," and he glanced at the blushing Mary.

Then the father related that whilst touring with his wife through Mexico his infant son had been kidnapped. For years he searched but in vain. At last tidings reached him that a young captain in the Mexican army had a ring and a locket in his possession, and wished to get a clue to his parentage. With Morton's assistance they found the young man just as he was preparing to embark for Europe. At a glance the father recognized the tokens, and also a certain birthmark on his son's body. Then he gave vent to his joy at recovering his long lost son.

Then Mr. Morton told him that Mary was still true and anxiously awaited his coming. So the three travelers journeyed to the homestead, and the result was the joyful meeting referred to in the preceding lines.

"He was lost and is found!" said John. "Can you forgive us, noble youth?"

For answer the youth pressed his hand.

"Yes, forgive us," said Morton. "I owe my life to you. From the hands of an enemy you have saved me, and, brave defender, old Morton's blessing rests upon yourself and your betrothed, Mary Allington."

Need we say that Mary and Charlie, as she always called him, were married and lived happily together? It was her fondest delight when the snows of age had descended on her head, to amuse her children with the story of the ring, but above all of their noble father, whom she ever called "her Charlie!"

Cannington, Ont. WM. A. LAUGHLIN.

Lord Shadycove—Of course, I can never be very intimate with your father, he being in trade, but he will not be surprised to find me with some insular prejudices, will he?

Miss Manhattan—Oh, no. Nothing foolish or ill-bred that you can do will surprise him.—*Life.*

AN UNSHRIVED GHOST.

Friar Lorenzo's Midnight Adventure in the Calle de Olmedo.

By Y. H. Addis, in the "Argonaut."

In the City of Mexico, toward the close of the year 1751, Friar Lorenzo, of the Monastery of Los Suspiros de Jesus, was making his way homeward to that establishment in the chilly hours of very early morning. He had been keeping a vigil, imposed by the regulations of the order, that had taken him to a chapel in the parish of Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, away out beyond the Zocalo, that lay about equidistant between his two terminals. A very old man was Friar Lorenzo, and his pace was far from rapid, so that he had been long on the way. By this time, he was so fatigued that his limbs almost refused longer to uphold the spare weight of his trembling, aged body. Yet he nerved himself to renewed effort as he heard the second hour boomed out from the big timepiece of the cathedral, at the very moment that he reached the entrance to the Calle de Olmedo; for the great fatigue he felt was yet exceeded and partly neutralized by a more potent impulse—the spurring thrills of terror.

Perhaps it were unfair to say that Friar Lorenzo was a coward; the kinder view were to consider that the sequestered conventual life had developed abnormally an extreme constitutional timidity. No priest in the monastery—nay, none in all the great City of Mexico—was better, kinder, or led a life more godly than that of Friar Lorenzo. So meek was he, so holy in his life, that his superior oftimes found it needful to rebuke him for excess of fasting and penance, and to exercise vigilance in the way of seeing that Friar Lorenzo took aliment enough to nourish his frame, instead of setting apart his portion for bestowal upon the swarm of mendicants that daily haunted the steps of the monastery.

But the active functions of his office—in aught that led him without the convent walls, to intercourse with his kind and encounter with the issues of worldly existence—to all such effort and contact the holy man was most reluctant, being ready to purchase exemption from such movement at any cost of penance.

The superior of the order had struggled long against this infirmity, and the decree on which he had to-night sent Friar Lorenzo was in the direct way of endeavor to correct the weakness. But alas! to-night the suffering of the friar was greater than ever, so great, indeed, as to be almost unbearable. The hour, the silence and gloom of the deserted streets, with their houses that appeared sealed and lifeless, and other like forces, had wrought him up to a very panic of abject nervous dread—a fear of something, he knew not what. It was not long since all Mexico had been stirred to horror and dismay by the disappearance of the noble priest, Juan de Nava, whose fate was not made clear till many long years after, and many grisly rumors were still rife concerning this matter. At that period, robbers abounded in Mexico, audacious and unpunished—robbers who would murder a man for the garments he wore. Stories, too, were related of men who killed for the ghastly delight of killing—whose crimes were inexplicable and seemingly causeless, like those murders committed in the dreary street of Don Juan Manuel, the stern motive of which transpired only long thereafter. Moreover, the ready superstitious credences of the day gave willing heed to the legends and traditions of the conquered Mexicans, and to these supernatural causes for even vulgar crimes.

Therefore, it was no marvel that poor old Friar Lorenzo was full of terrors in his nightwalk.

At the mouth of the Calle de Olmedo he halted; for its intensity of gloom and silence was even more terrible than the way he had just traversed. But this route meant a saving of many blocks of circuit, and after a brief hesitation, crossing himself as he signed the crucifix, which he firmly believed contained a splinter of the true cross, the old man entered the dark thoroughfare, murmuring, as he went, his prayers. He had scarcely passed the corner when he started so violently as to stagger and almost lose his footing, for his gown brushed and caused to recline half the sword of a man standing silent and motionless in the embrasure of a doorway. Friar Lorenzo shuddered as he felt the touch of the unknown bent pierced his clothing, and he quickened his steps to hurry onward. He had traversed half the block, and was beginning to breathe more freely, when he heard behind him the dull fall of footsteps following after—not in haste, but with the assured, deliberate measure that told of the pursuer's conviction that he could overtake this object of his pursuit without undue exertion. And, in truth, it was but a moment before the echo of that firm, determined tread sounded close beside the shuffling, uncertain feet of the friar, who commended himself to the infinite mercy of God as he felt the presence of his pursuer. For some paces the two walked side by side in unbroken silence, and the monk was conscious of the sidelong, scrutinizing looks of the other.

Presently, "Delay thee, holy friar," spoke the object of his terror; "I have need of thy ministrations."

But Fra Lorenzo answered, trembling: "Spare me, I pray, your worship! I am old and feeble; since noon of yesterday I have kept vigil, and flesh and spirit alike are fainting. Your worship knows that to call at the wicket of any of the abounding monasteries will bring you succor, temporal or spiritual—all far better than my poor, weak service. I pray you, senor, think no harm, but I beg to decline the office."

The man at his side laughed shortly—a cold, crude laugh, that made the monk feel as if he were shriveling up as he heard it.

"God's death! these friars are presumptuous! The ministers of God—the servants of heaven—so their creeds profess, yet they give themselves the airs of statesmen, and 'beg to decline' the offices of their profession! Have you forgotten to what service you are consecrated? Nay, then, I will have you—you and none other. See that you move on before me." He made as if to impel the monk by grasping his arm; but the touch of that hard hand so affected Friar Lorenzo that he reeled and would have fallen, had not the man released him.

"What—what would your worship have of me?" he stammered faintly.

"You go to shrive a penitent," and with that answer his guide halted before a lofty mansion whose overhanging balconies shadowed the street. The sombre caval'er pushed open the great *zaguan*, or entrance door, without knocking, although, as Friar Lorenzo marked, there was a knocker of peculiar design, quite distinct from the conventional clenched hand in iron at hand—for this was a battle-axe, falling upon a hatchet, and the two glimmered quite strangely clear in the gloom. The tunnel-like arch of the *zaguan* was all in densest darkness, save where a dim ray of light filtered out from the crack of a door on the left hand, whither the way was led by the man who had captured the friar. This was the apartment usually assigned as a door porter's lodge, in such houses, but here it seemed of dimensions more spacious than was common. The dark walls seemed to absorb, rather than reflect, the pale rays of the candle, yet enough of brilliance fell to flash gleams of keen color from the jewels of one who lay on a rough cot in a corner, draped piece by a coverlet of rich texture, glinting back the candle light from the golden threads of its embroideries.

The stern man pointed to the outstretched figure: "Do thou confess her quickly."

The friar drew back with a start and a shiver when he had bent over the woman; for she was fast bound to the rude bed, made moreless by harsh cords that held her beautiful naked arms outstretched by her sides, and lashed her feet, too, closely. An observer of more worldly knowledge than Friar Lorenzo would have guessed that she had been borne hither from some scene of gala and rejoicing, for on her bare breast, and on her exquisite neck, and in the soft masses of her dark hair, blazed splendid jewels; and the zone of her corsage, which, above the coverlet, roughly wrapped around her, showed that the stuff of her garb was of exceeding richness.

"Woman, then confess, my daughter!" stammered Friar Lorenzo, drawn back to her, despite his fear, less by his sense of duty than by the appeal in her eyes, full of a great despair and mighty terror. He turned, when she made a sign of assent, toward his captor, in intimation of the privacy due to a confession, but that sombre figure only laughed, albeit most harshly, and drew somewhat aside, toward the doorway. Then Friar Lorenzo, bending low above the woman, shaken between his fears and his pity, listened to her confession. But she had not yet finished, when the grim watcher stroke forward, caught the friar by his lean, trembling arms, and cried, "Have done! thou art making pretexts! Too long this wretched woman has lived already!" And so, against her wild entreaties, and the friar's protests, he dragged the minister away and thrust him forth into the street.

The friar, half stunned, yet half-desperate with the thoughts awakened by his forebodings, and the tale heard from the woman, called, prayed, and beat his clenched hands and knees on the heavy bronze-bossed portal in a very frenzy. But the massive wood gave back only the sound of his blows, and the hot tears fell dully. At last, despairing, he turned from the spot with so hurried and uncertain a step that the few wayfarers who now began to appear in the street shrunk aside from him with signs of awe than reverence, and murmured: "Oh! the poor padre! his many penances have made him mad."

Friar Lorenzo was half-distracted, most of all with doubt as to his divided duty. Did his priestly vows as to the inviolability of confession exact silence as to what had happened? Did the duties of humanity and justice demand that he give up to investigation and punishment the door wherein he had seen what, he was convinced, was a foul crime? And so, seeking to temporize for guidance, he would fain tell his beads in prayer to quiet his giddied senses. But his rosary swung not at his side! and a flash of thought reminded him that he had laid it upon the couch beside the doomed woman. And so decided him. No fragment of the divine, thrice-sanctified true cross must be left to the unhallowed hands of that fiendish, scoffing minister.

Thus Friar Lorenzo set off with eager though trembling speed for the Palace of Justice, that stood then, as it stands now, fronting on the great square Zocalo, or main plaza, and at right angles to the cathedral and *sagrario*. On the bridge spanning the canal before the palace, he met a patrol just relieving that on the last round before sunrise. The friar halted before them, and, with knotted tongue and nerveless, quivering lips, gasped out his story. The officer of the patrol sped back to the guard-room to summon the alcalde, and a moment later the squad was hurrying at a swinging pace, the friar, whose exhaustion was evident, borne on the clasped hands of two stout soldiers. Following his directions, they paused at last before the wide *zaguan* of a house in the Calle de Olmedo. "It was here," the priest said, shivering.

The officer raised the brazen battle-axe of the knocker and clashed it against its buckler; but no challenging voice nor sound of shuffling, sandaled tread came back in answer. Again and again he clashed loudly, but no sound arose within but hollow echoes. Then the alcalde rapped with his sword, and summoned: "Open in the name of the king his justice!" and still no key rattled in the lock, no clink of bar or chain gave promise of ingress.

By this a crowd had gathered about the place—for the most part Indian women, driving their heavy-laden donkeys into the city to market, or household servants thus early out of necessity for the daily sweeping of the streets. One of these drew near from a house across the way—a woman of more than middle age, bearing the bundle of long, joinless straws, tied up with a string, that make the short, handleless brooms of Mexico.

"Senors, your worships summon in vain," she said, with somewhat of wonder breaking through the composure of her bearing; "this house has long been vacant."

Friar Lorenzo turned in a sort of rage upon her, his meekness overborne by his distress of body and his soul's solicitude. "Wouldst say I lie, impious one? Shall a priest not know where he has heard confession? But it was here, I tell ye! Open! open! nor tarry for her prating, lest the crime be done within our very hearing."

The woman's dark face flushed. She seemed a decent body, and her countenance was full of intelligence and honest comment, as she replied, with protest as positive as respectful:

"Nay, his reverence, she were indeed a bold and irreverent woman who would dispute the word of Friar Lorenzo—aye! I know his fame for holiness, as who does not among the humble ones of Mexico? But his reverence is less young than he once was, and these daybreak lights are uncertain, so that to mistake one house for another is easy. Humbly do I assure ye that never since I have lived have opened in the fifty years that I have lived across there, and my mother, who was portress before me, has often said that never in her time had the house tenant."

"But open! open!" Friar Lorenzo shouted. Then the officer, impressed in spite of himself by this strange excitement and insistence, bade his men take up a massive *viga*, or roof beam of cedar, that lay where some workmen had been repairing the roof-gutters, and, poising it among them, the patrolmen again and again dashed the heavy timber, in the guise of a battering-ram, against the door-leaves, whose heavy planks echoed loudly at the impact; then the bolts sprung open, and into the *zaguan* poured the gathered gazers. No sight nor sound of life greeted the intrusion. Once inside the *zaguan*, it was no hard matter to shatter the heavy, antiquated padlock that held the door giving into the side room; that clumsy defence was indeed half eaten away with rust and verdigris, and down fell the curtains of venerable cobwebs, thick and velvety, like ancient tapestry. The door fell inward with a crash of rotten, honeycombed wood, and every soul backed into the retreated a step or two from the unknowness before them. Only Friar Lorenzo pushed forward, with an exclamation of delight that was blasphemous, and then from the further corner came his voice:

"Did I not so? And will ye doubt me longer, unbelievers? This was the place, indeed! They have taken away the hapless lady; ye must seek her, but the proof of the place I show ye! Here it is, among a pile of rubbish, mine own dear rosary, made of olive stones from Gethsemane," and he came forth, as the chief of the patrol caught a crucifix from the hand of a huckster, and blew into a pungent blaze its slumbering bit of *ocotl* (Mexican pitch-pine or light wood), and went forward to rake curiously, with his short sword, among the shapeless heap that the friar had abandoned.

"This rubbish—why! lads! *albricias!*" Here is a wristlet, ringe, a great breadth of brocade incrusted with gold and gems—a collet of major diamonds—aye! we have found banana! and—what is this?" He clapped his hand upon a long mass, black as jet in the red light, and with one swift sweep held it aloft, as high as his head, whence it fell to the knees of him. Then he dropped it with a gasping cry of terror. "Tis hair! a woman's hair. And—gracious God! See that! the hair of a dead woman!" For, as he stirred that dense black veil from the coils and couchings where it had lain for unknown years, a smallish skull, long ago in position by its once crown of glory, rolled forward and touched his russet boot. And from the dread crumbling relics now arose a dire odor of mortality, whose warning of dissolution and decay sent the stout soldiers and their commander rushing, with one accord, away from the bones and the diamonds, hustling one peeping mob before them.

"Aye, Padre Friar Lorenzo!" called the alcalde; "now, what a blessed thing it is we have a holy man among us! *Fuisti, en el nombre de Jesus, Maria, y Jose"* (in the name of Jesus, Mary and Joseph), "purge and purify us of this vile contact!" And he would have knelt before Friar Lorenzo. But a sturdy artizan, who had just sent his great red copper kettle rolling across the dankly mossed stones of the court, as he dropped it in the effort to catch the sinking figure—this grimy Christian called out: "Stand back! give him the good God's oil, ye doughty soldiers! Ah, no, it helps not! his eye is fixed, his face is ashen—his body grows a dead weight. Aye, senores, see you not that this sainted Friar Lorenzo is dying, for never yet lived through the day a priest who confessed one already dead—and how many years think ye have lain yonder, whether he led us, the mortal parts of the poor lady ye cried out that ye had found there!"

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1892.

Where the grass is kissed by the wanton breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,
To the destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the thrilling chant that sows;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

An Unsatisfactory Purchase

Lord A—Don't you think you ought to call me "dear!"
His American Wife—Yes; at any price.

For Sunstroke

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. L. Zurker, Melrose, Minn, says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in case of sunstroke."

He Lost.

At Weissenthal, a small village in lower Austria, a rich manufacturer from Vienna owns a splendid castle, where he and his family reside during the summer. As superintendent of his villa he employed a young man who had received a good education, and probably on this account had been granted the privilege of dining at table with the family. Thinking that the proprietor had a special liking for him, he resolved to ask him one day for the hand of one of his beautiful daughters. When he told the gardener of his intention the latter remarked:

"Nonsense! you don't know the proud spirit of this capitalist. He never will consent to his daughter marrying a poor employee."

"I will bet my life that he will not dare to refuse my wish," said Edward Daschowsky, the superintendent.

"And I bet all I call my own that you will not succeed," replied the gardener.

"Good. I accept the bet!" cried Daschowsky, and shook hands with the other as a sign of closing the contract.

Two days later the body of Daschowsky was found with a bullet in the temple, under a tree in the park. Near it was a revolver and a card on which the following was inscribed in the handwriting of the suicide:

"I have lost the bet. My debt is paid."

As the gardener learned later, Daschowsky had kept his word and made known his wish to his employer, but was refused and threatened with instant dismissal if he ever recurred again to the subject.

To All Athletes.

A member of the Liverpool, Eng., Harriers, Mr. William Pagan, writes as follows: "I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the best thing ever used for curing and preventing soreness and swelling of the cords and muscles after severe exercise. Having used the oil myself and knowing other members of the club who use it usually every other Saturday in hunts and races, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all athletes."

Hungarian Costumes

The ordinary costume of both sexes at Monoroczen is simplicity itself. The women wear a high-necked, ankle-long chemise of white homespun linen, with full sleeves gathered at the elbow and richly embroidered, sometimes with blue. Bands of narrow embroidery decorate the waist and the skirt also. This chemise is girded to the body by a thick woolen belt, binding tightly to the figure under upper edge of a narrow apron of striped woolen homespun, very brilliant in color. A kerchief of the same wool is on the head, and the feet are habitually bare.

On Sunday and *fete* days the girls exchange the coarse garments for others of delicate texture, the chemise being fine and carefully plaited, and the apron of mull or muslin delicately embroidered with white. High red morocco boots, with yellow tops and very long and curious pointed toes, adorn, or rather disfigure, the feet, and around the neck are hung many rows of gaudy glass beads.

The hair is elaborately plaited in a broad band, which is brought over to the forehead and then turned back again, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*. This is held in place by dozens of pins with ornamental heads; and all along the edges of the braid behind is a thick row of bits of a fine green aromatic herb, while in the hair itself at the back, as well as around the face, bright colored geraniums, marigolds and other flowers are skillfully arranged.

On their wedding day they cover their heads with a wonderful structure, more like a pastry cook's *piece montee* than a bonnet, wear an ample white lace shoulder cape, a brilliant scarlet petticoat, with white lace apron and high red boots. This dress is preserved with jealous care, and is never produced except on Sundays and holidays.

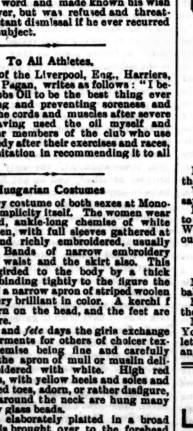
The men's costumes consist of loose linen trowsers, like a divided skirt, a full tunic, a waistcoat with silver buttons, buzzar boots and a small round hat. Both sexes have for an outer garment either a sheep-skin cloak or a great coat of very thick, felt-like white woolen, with broad square collar, and sleeves either sewed up at the bottom, or else in short, rudimentary form. These coats and also the sheep-skin cloaks are often richly and gaudily embroidered.

Sick headaches yield to BERCHAM'S PILLS.

A Banquet in Japan—Queer Ways.

Dining is not in Japan the serious business it is in England. The Japanese do not meet to eat, but eat because they have met, and conversation and amusements form the principal part of a banquet. Conversation need not be held only with your neighbors, for if a man wishes to speak to a friend in another part of the room he quietly slips the paper panel behind him, passes into the veranda, enters the room again, and sits down on the floor before his friend. Exchanging cups is the chief ceremony at a Japanese dinner. Sake—a spirit made from rice, resembling dry sherry—is drunk hot out of tiny lacquer and gold cups throughout dinner; and the musme, who sit on their heels in the open space of the floor, patiently watch for every opportunity to fill your cup with sake. When a gentleman would exchange cups—which is equivalent to drinking your health—he sits down in front of you and begs the honor. You empty your cup into a bowl of water, have it filled with sake, drink, wash it again, and hand it to your friend; he raises it to his forehead, bows, has it filled, and drinks. As this ceremony has to be gone through a great many times, drinking is often a mere pretense. Eating is, however, but a small part of the entertainment. We must be amused, and to amuse is the business of the *geishas*, the licensed singing and dancing girls who are attached to every tea house. But the singers at a Japanese dinner only take the part of the chorus in a Greek play, and they sing the story which dancing girls represent by a series of gestures or postures. The dancers are splendidly dressed, and their movements are so interesting, so unlike anything seen in Europe, that we watch them with a curious sense of pleasure.—*The Table.*

Ruined.



Proprietor—What are you taking back, there?

Waiter—Customer sent this beefsteak back; says he can't cut it.

Proprietor (examining it)—Take it right back to him and tell him he'll have to pay for it. We can never use it again; he has bent it all out of shape.

His Reproof.

Minister—Those wicked boys were playing ball again in Jones' lot as I came from church.

Minister's wife—Didn't you stop to reprove them?

Minister—Yes, but it didn't have any effect. Young Cowles made a daisy three-bag hit and let in three runs, and the crowd didn't have any use for me.

Some Tricks of the Business.

"Too much," said the man who was looking over the flat; "altogether too much. I couldn't think of paying the rent you ask."

"Couldn't let it go for a cent less," said the agent. "It was only at my earnest solicitation that the landlord made the rent as low as it is."

"The arrangement is bad too," went on the prospective tenant. "I don't think it would satisfy my wife at all, and she is really the one who has to be suited."

"I should hate to go to the owner with any proposition for a smaller rent. Still, if he cares to take less I suppose it's his business."

"I'll see what my wife says about it and let you know to-morrow whether it's worth while going into the subject any further."

"But you haven't any wife!" exclaimed the prospective tenant's friend when they had left.

"Hush! he owns the flat himself," returned the prospective tenant. "I brought in the wife story to offset his about the landlord."

EPPING, N. H., 10th Jan., 1889.

MR. S. LACHANCE,—It is a great pleasure for me to certify that after taking two bottles of your Father Mathew Remedy, I do not feel like taking any more alcoholic liquors, of which I used to drink to excess during nearly twenty years.

I will take every opportunity to recommend your valuable Father Mathew Remedy to all persons who, like myself, would be in need of it.

Your obedient servant,
JOS. BEAUDOIN.

Ruther Have a Goat.

Jamie's father had taken him in to see the baby.

"There, my son," he said, "is a little sister for you. Won't she be a nice present?"

"Yes," replied Jamie, "she's nice enough, I reckon, but I'd ruther have a goat."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Off the Scent.

Mr. Softdown (tenderly).—Ah, Miss Hyler, love is the perfume of the human heart!

Helen Hyler.—That may be; but I don't care for perfumery!

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (64 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Form Help, Bowmanville, Ont.

Mention *Saturday Night.*

CANCER For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention *Saturday Night* and address—STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND
Redpath
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY
Made by the latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.
LUMP SUGAR
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.
"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.
EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.
CREAM SUGARS
(Not dried).
YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.
SYRUPS
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

GOOD HAIR, GOOD HEALTH, AND GOOD LOOKS.
THE AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER
CLEANSES THE SCALP AND REMOVES DANDRUFF.
It also prevents the hair from falling out and promotes a healthy growth.
Sold by all Druggists.
Price: 50 cts.

SURPRISE SOAP
While good for all household purposes has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes.
READ the directions on the wrapper.

TAYLOR'S
LAWN BOWLS
AT
H. P. Davies & Co.
81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

LALLY!!!
LACROSSE STICKS
AND
Athletic Requisites of All Kinds
Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.
FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 King St. West, Toronto

* A gift to the teller of good tidings.

"This House to Let."

"Yes," said old Mrs. Pounce, nodding her orange-colored cap strings "they put me in—the House Agency did—to take care of the house, with a bright-painted TO LET stuck up in front of the area windows, and coal and house rent free. Which I don't deny, my dear, is an object to a lone female like me, with neither chick nor child and my own way to make in the world, with fine laundressing out of the question with rheumatism in the finger joints."

"You seem like a respectable person, Mrs. Pounce, that has seen better days," was what the house agent said, when he handed over the keys, "and," says he, "I think we may trust you to take good care of our doorsteps and windows, show applicants over the house and answer all questions."

"You may say so, sir," says I with a courtesy; "there's many houses I've had charge of and never a fault has been found yet. And this sha'n't be the first one," says I.

"We've a large business," says Mr. Eagle, "and if you give satisfaction, Mrs. Pounce," says he as civil spoken as possible, "it's likely you'll never be without a roof to your head!"

Well, my dear, of all nice houses—and I've seen a many in my day—this was the nicest. Brown stone front, with a bay-window and snug garden planted all in box-borders, hot and cold water all through, a little conservatory with an arched glass roof at the rear, and the hall floor covered with real Minton tiles, as made you think you was walking on pictures; walls painted with Cupids and Venuses and garlands of flowers, and dados of hard wood all throughout. Neighborhood most desirable; drainage and sewerage perfect, and churches conveniently near. Excuse me, my dear, if it sounds like an advertisement, but Mr. Eagle, the agent, wrote it down for me, and I never rested until I'd committed it all to memory, so I could speak it off, easy like, without any stops or hitches. And this I will say, as can't be said of all advertisements, there wasn't a word in the agent's description but was that blue house bore out!

And the board hadn't been up twenty-four hours before there was a rush to look at the house. Young married couples as wanted to give up apartments; old married folks as wasn't suited with their location; boarding-house keepers as made believe they was private families; and private families as wanted to take a few select boarders. But the rent was put up tolerably high and most of 'em dropped off after I'd named the sum.

"Never mind, Mrs. Pounce—never mind," says Mr. Eagle, rubbing his hands. "It's a house that there'll be no difficulty in letting without any reduction of rent. Just wait," says he, "until the spring sets in."

But one day in trots an old gentleman with gold spectacles and a smooth-shaven face, and "business" writ in every wrinkle of his forehead.

"This house to let, ma'am!" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I.

"Can I look at it?" says he.

"Certainly, sir," says I. I began, as smooth as oil, about the hot and cold water, the marble-floored bath room, and the Minton tiles, when, all of a sudden, he put up two hands in a warning sort of way.

"That'll do, ma'am," says he, "that'll do. I've eyes and I can see for myself."

"Certainly, sir," says I; but I won't deny as I was took aback by that quiet dictatorial way of his.

"Any ghosts about the place, ma'am?" says he.

"Sir?" says I.

"Ghosts," says he, out loud and sharp. "Mysterious footsteps—lurking shadows—clanking chains at midnight?"

"Mercy, no, sir," says I, beginning to feel my flesh creep all over.

"Rats?" says he.

"Certainly not," says I, "with solid cemented cellar floor and sealed board-s."

"Beetles?" says he.

"Look for yourself, sir," says I, bridling up a little.

"I like the house," says he, after he had gone sniffing about the drain pipes and peered into the coal cellar and wine vault and sounded the copper boiler with his knuckles, just for all the world as if he was in the plumbing business. "You may tell the agent I'll take it, if he and I can come to terms about the rent. When shall you see him?"

"Most likely this afternoon, sir," says I.

"I'll drop in at his office to-morrow, at nine," says he. "I'm going to be married," says he, as composed as if he were saying that he was going to take a blue-pill. "And the house will suit my wife's ideas. She thinks we're going to board," says he, with an odd sort of chuckle in his throat, "and she's not a bit pleased with the idea. It'll be a pleasant surprise for her," says he.

Well, no sooner had he gone than in comes a stout, middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, rows of curls on either side of her face, and cheeks as red as any cabbage rose.

"I've just come from Mr. Eagle's office," says she. "He has given me the refusal of this house, in case it suits me."

"I don't know, ma'am," says I, "but what it's let already."

"Let already!" says she, with a sort of scream. "But that's impossible! Don't I tell you I've the refusal of it? Show me the premises at once."

Well, I was in a pretty puzzle, as you may believe; but I went all over the house with the curly lady and she declared it met her fancy exactly.

"Possession on the first of May, I suppose?" says she.

"Yes, ma'am," says I, "if—"

"There's no 'if' in the question," says she, as short as piecrust. "You may take down the 'To Let,' my good woman."

I countenanced very low, but I says to myself: "Not if I know it, ma'am, without orders from the agent himself."

Away went the lady with the curly hair and the rose-red cheeks, and I was just putting on my hat to run round to the house agency when in comes Mr. Eagle himself, all smiles.

"Well, Mrs. Pounce," said he, "so the house is let?"

"To my thinking, sir," said I, "it's let twice over."

And I up and told him about my old gentleman.

"Dear me," says he, "this is very perplex ing. At what time was this personage here?"

"The clock struck twelve, sir," says I, "just as he went away."

Mr. Eagle hit himself a blow over the forehead like a play-actor.

"Confusion worse confounded!" says he. "It was twelve, precisely, when my customer left the office. We can't split the house in two, can we?" says he. "Well, we must tell your old gentleman just how it happened. I daresay he'll be reasonable about it."

But he wasn't reasonable, Mr. Eagle told me afterwards; he never saw anyone in such a rage.

"I've taken the house," says he, "and I'll have it, cost what it may. Do you say that the rent is two hundred pounds? I'll give you two hundred and fifty down; if my claim and that of this lady are equally good, the question of priority must settle it."

Well, we supposed—me and Mr. Eagle—as that was the end of the matter. But not a bit of it. The lady came that same afternoon with an upholsterer and a tape measure to see about the carpets.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds, indeed!" says she, with a toss of her curls. "It will take more than a paltry two hundred and fifty pounds to unsettle my plans. I'll give three hundred sooner than lose the house!"

When my old gentleman hears this he grinds his teeth in a manner as was fearful to hear.

"It's my house," says he, "and I will have it! Three hundred and fifty pounds, Eagle!"

"Come," says Mr. Eagle, "matters are getting lively. Real estate is looking up in the market," says he.

But you should have heard what a whistle he gave when I told him, the very next day, that the curly lady had authorized me to offer four hundred.

"I'll not stand this any longer," says Mr. Eagle, jumping up and sending the papers flying all over the office table. "I've a conscience, if Fate has made a real estate agent of me. Tell her to come round this afternoon and sign the lease. Four hundred pounds is twice what we asked, and we asked all the property was worth to begin with."

So the curly lady had her own way, after all. The bald-headed old gentleman stamped about in a pretty rage when he heard as the house was let.

"I'll sue the agency," says he. "I'll have the house if it costs me all I'm worth!"

"Oh, hush, sir, hush!" says I, all in a tremble. "Here comes Miss Wix now!"

"Who?" says he.

"Miss Wix," says I. "The lady as has taken the house!"

And I got behind the door, fully expecting a scene after all that had come and gone. But to my surprise she gave a little shriek and flew into his arms.

"Dear Josiah!" says she.

"Dearest Barbara!" says he.

"How on earth did you find me here?" says she.

"I was looking for a desirable residence for you, my own angel," says he.

"You duck!" says she.

"And I thought this would exactly suit you," says he.

"Oh!" says she, "it does. And I've taken it at four hundred pounds a year. It seems a good deal of money to pay, but I've been driven to it by a horrid old cormorant who was determined to have the house at any price! However—

"Barbara," says the old gentleman with a little gasping sound in his throat, as if he was swallowing a lump, "that cormorant was I!"

"You don't mean——" says she.

"That we've been bidding against each other," says the old gentleman. "Yes, we have."

"And I was going to give you a pleasant surprise," says she, pulling out her pocket handkerchief.

"It is a surprise," says he. "But as for the pleasure of it—never mind, Barbara. Let's go in and measure for the carpets and curtains. Let bygones be bygones—but the next time we drive a bargain perhaps it might be as well to confide in each other. Two hundred pounds a year—on a five years' lease—is almost too much to pay for a pleasant surprise!"

"So that settled the matter, my dear," said old Mrs. Pounce. "They were married in a month, and they came there to live. And of all my experience in house-letting this beat everything—and so everybody says, my dear, as hears the story."—*G. Layman in Tit-Bits.*

A Cool Caller.

Miss Dukkets—Did you tell Mr. Gettbere I was not in?
Bridget—I did, Mum.
Miss Dukkets—What did he say?
Bridget—He said, "Well, tell her to come down as soon as she is in." He's in the parlor.

Lord Wolseley at Home

Mr. Harry How, in the *Strand Magazine*, gives a very entertaining description of Lord Wolseley's home in Dublin. The article is copiously illustrated with portraits of Lord, Lady and Miss Wolseley, Lord Edward Cecil, and with views of their favorite houses, together with sketches of scenes in Lord Wolseley's life. Mr. How has had the advantage of staying some days with Lord Wolseley at Dublin, and has made good use of his time, both with the camera and with his note book. The chief interest of the article is in the anecdotes with which the interview is studded. Many of Lord Wolseley's reminiscences have appeared in the pages of this review, but several are new.

Lord Wolseley tells the following characteristic story of General Gordon:

"Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, 'I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them.' When Gordon came to Khartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met older men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

"'Don't want anything,' he said.

"'But you've got no clothes!'

"'I'll go as I am!' he said, and he meant it.

"He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

"I asked him if he had any cash.

"'No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the king to pay my cab fare.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him. Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money and gave the whole of it to him!'"

Lord Wolseley says that his only specific for getting on in the army is to try and get killed on every possible occasion, and if you are not killed you are certain to get on. "Nine out of ten men don't know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve is the great thing needed. The wise man who haven't got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve—nothing but nerve—tells in the long run."

Speaking of universal military service, Lord Wolseley thus sums up its advantages to the recruit:

"You develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colors and returns home to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful."

Christian Endeavor Special Train to New York, via Erie Railway.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, president of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union, announces that a special vestibule train will leave Suspension Bridge on July 6 at 8 p.m., arriving in New York next morning at 8 o'clock. All Endeavorers should see that they reach Suspension Bridge in time for this train. A single fare has been arranged from all points to New York and back, and those desiring Pullman accommodation should secure them at once and avoid the rush at the last moment. For full particulars apply to Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington Street East, C. P. A. Erie Railway, Toronto.

Direct Taxation in New Zealand.

The *Sydney Quarterly* for March contains as its first article an interesting account by Sir Robert Stout of the system of direct taxation in New Zealand.

After giving a historical survey of the changes which have been brought about in direct taxation in New Zealand, Sir Robert says: "In 1891 a change in the incidence of taxation was a feature of the Budget, and the alteration made is the following: First, as regards land, land is valued first at its unimproved value; and, secondly, the improvements on it are valued. It is proposed that the land shall pay one penny in the pound on its unimproved value, and all improvements over £5,000 in value shall pay one penny in the pound. There is also to be given £500 exemption. The land owner will have the right to deduct mortgages, the mortgagee paying one penny in the pound in place of him, subject also to the £500 deduction. So that so far as the small farmer is concerned, he gets an additional exemption of his improvements from taxation. As to the large farmer, he also get's the benefit of this exemption, but a new proposal has been placed in the Act of 1891—a graduated system of taxation has been introduced. This system only touches the unimproved value of land. Improvements and all other capital are exempt from the graduated system of taxation. The graduation begins at from £5,000 to £10,000 in value, one-eighth of a penny in the pound is charged; from £10,000 to £20,000 two-eighths of a penny in the pound, and so on, gradually rising up one eighth of a penny until where the unimproved land is of the value of £210,000 or upwards, one penny and six-eighths of a penny in the pound is levied in addition to the ordinary penny rate. The result of this is that large properties of over £210,000 in value will have to pay the heavy tax of 2¼d. in the pound. In addition, the improvements over £5,000 will have to pay one penny in the pound.

"Another new scheme that was given effect to is a tax on absentees who are owners of land, the provisions being that if the owners of land have been absent from or resident out of the colony for three years or over prior to the passing of the Annual Tax'on Act, he is to pay an additional twenty per cent. This graduated tax also has to be paid without any deduction from mortgages. The same Act also provides for the imposition of an income tax on companies (Schedule C in Act), and income tax from businesses (Schedule D in Act), and income tax on profits or salaries from employment or emolument (Schedule E). It was proposed by the treasurer that the income on companies should be levied at their net profits without any exemption. No definite sum in the pound has yet been fixed as the income tax, but it was assumed that it would be sixpence or one shilling. The income from business was levied also on the net profits, but there was an exemption allowed of £300. No rate has been fixed for this income tax, but it was assumed that it would be sixpence in the pound. The income tax on salaries or other emoluments was also subject to an exemption of £300, and it has been assumed that that would be at half the rate of income from business, trade, manufactures, etc. This is the new taxation scheme that was adopted by the Parliament at its last session."

Sir Robert Stout says that four-fifths of the New Zealand newspapers are opposed to the new system and its authors. He thinks, however, that although it may cause the sale of large estates it will not cause the withdrawal of capital, for capital has not been called upon to pay increased taxation. Whether or not New Zealand has solved the difficult problem of direct taxation, he says, remains to be seen.

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Getting Wives in Siam:

"The Chinese do all the menial work in Siam. They also keep all the pawnshops and gambling houses and teach the Siamese how to gamble," said Lieut. L. N. Rasmussen. He is a young Danish officer, who went to Siam six years ago at the solicitation of the king to train the royal troops in European fashion.

"The king has not a very large army—only 3,000 or 4,000 men, although the name of every male subject is on the roster in the way of a naval roll. But they are never called into service, as the king cannot stand the expense of feeding a large army. Moreover, it is not needed, as there are few disturbances.

"The King's army is larger than his family, but the latter is of pretty fair size. Nobody dares to give the exact figures, but at last accounts he had 100 wives and 105 children. The present King is a young man, about thirty-eight years old, I think, and he is popular. He is the highest power, owns the whole country, and does about as he pleases, but he is well liked. His eldest son is the Crown Prince. Last month the youth is to become of the Buddhist priesthood. All the princes and nobles have to go through the priesthood before they are fully fledged."

"How does the King get all his wives?"

"They are presents to him from the nobles. They offer him their daughters. Of course no one would dare to offer him one that was not fairly good-looking, and he seldom refuses to accept them. Should he refuse, the parents might as well move out of Siam, as the refusal would simply mean that the parents were in royal disfavor."

"How do the other people get their wives over there?"

"Oh, buy them. Many of the nobles have numerous wives. If a girl strikes their fancy they negotiate for her purchase, but not generally until they have paid her proper suit. Some of them buy their wives from the ranks of the actresses in the Siamese theatre. Prices vary from $1,000 to $80. It costs more to marry into a rich family. Sometimes young couples elope, just as they do in other countries, but the parents have to settle just the same. There is a rate fixed for elopements—400 ticals, or about $240."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

She Knew What She Wanted.

Justice Phelan yesterday was visited in his office by a fair young woman, with a garden of roses on her expansive hat, a bewitching smile on her face and a light summer parasol in her hand, which she swung idly and imperiously as she confronted the bench.

"I want a divorce," she said in a captivating tone, without waiting for the justice to look up.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I want it right off."

"Why do you want it in a great hurry?"

"I should say so."

"You would give me time to make out the papers, would you?" said the judge, with sarcasm that escaped the fair visitor.

"Yes; if you are not too long."

The justice nearly fell from his chair in amazement.

"I suppose five minutes would be a long time to wait?" he ventured to ask.

"Why, I'd have to wait if you couldn't hurry, I suppose," she said in an idle manner, waving her parasol to and fro.

"Young woman, you are from Chicago," said the justice.

"Why, how do you know?" she asked.

"I guessed it."

"Well, you needn't guess again."

The justice explained that if she wanted a divorce on such short notice she would have to go to the Windy City to get it; that it was not took at least fifteen minutes to get a divorce here. Then the young woman said that she had married in Detroit and lived in Chicago.

"When were you married?" he asked.

"Last week."

"Why do you want a divorce?"

"I don't like him."

"Didn't like him when you married him?"

"Yes."

"How could you change on short notice?"

"Oh, that's a woman's prerogative," she returned airily.

The justice ended the interview abruptly, and last evening the fair visitor departed for the Windy City with the statement that she would get a divorce in the morning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not in Working Hours

Primus—Algy Poppy-Cocke always observes the Prince of Wales' birthday as a holiday just as religiously as he does Sunday.

Secundus—Well, why not? The Lord was resting that day, too, I fancy.

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Music.

THE heat and the holidays are responsible for a great many slips 'twixt the cup and the lip, one of which was the non-appearance of any musical comment in this column last week. The lake breezes of the far north were too great a temptation for me, and I fell. One result of this heat-sliding was that the closing concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music did not receive its notice in proper course. It was given in Association Hall on Tuesday, June 28, and was very largely attended, in spite of the heat. A fine programme was performed with great credit to both pupils and teachers of the institution. A very efficient little orchestra assisted in the performance of the piano concertos, with Mr. E. W. Phillips at the organ. Those who played in this department were: Miss Via McMillan, Miss Charlotte A. Chaplin, Miss Bella Geddes, Miss Frances T. Morris and Miss Ruby Preston, all of whom bore evidence to the excellence of their training. Miss Louie McDowell played a piano solo, and Miss Sarah E. Dallas and Miss Lizzie J. Schooley played selections on the organ. Vocal numbers were given by Miss Louie E. Bambridge, Miss Charlotte A. Chaplin, Miss M. M. Kitchen, Miss Minnie Gould, Miss Edith J. Miller, and Mr. Frank Barber. All these performers are graduates of the Conservatory for 1891-92. Other graduates were; Miss Maud Foster, Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, Miss Maline Kincade, Miss Minnie McCullough, and Mr. Henry J. Holden in harmony; Miss Lila Caras, Miss Kate V. Lindsay, and Miss Julia McBrien in pianoforte, teachers' course; and Mrs. Bella Rose Emslie, Miss Eva G. May, Miss Laura Harper, Miss Mary E. Matthews (teachers' course), and Miss Louise Bowman in elocution.

The summer normal term of the Conservatory is now in session and will close August 28, the fall term beginning September 5. An interesting feature of the working of the Conservatory is the awarding of a series of medals, distributed as follows: A gold medal, presented by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., for highest standing in third year theory, was won by Miss Maud Foster; the gold medal, presented by Sig. F. d'Auria, for greatest progress in his class during the year, was won by Miss Edith J. Miller; the silver medal, presented by Mr. Edward Fisher for "sight playing" piano, was awarded to Miss Eleanor A. Dallas; a silver medal, presented by Mr. Edward Fisher for "memory playing" piano, was won by Miss Edith Myers; a silver medal, presented by Mr. Henry Pellatt for highest standing in second year theory work, has not been awarded, as the papers have not all yet been examined; the silver medal, presented by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, A. T. C. M., for greatest proficiency in her piano class, was won by Miss Maud A. Hirschfelder; a scholarship for the past year, also presented by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, was awarded to Miss Alice Coles.

The Haslam Vocal Society recently held a meeting to consider the resignation of its founder and musical director, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, and concluded to disband, a decided compliment to the gentleman who can no longer guide its musical destinies. It is rumored that Mr. Haslam is about to leave Toronto to seek another field of labor in New York. There can be no doubt that Mr. Haslam has exercised a decided influence for good in musical matters during his stay of eight or nine years in Toronto. The excellent work done by the vocal societies of which he has been director, has drawn special attention to the possibilities of elegance and artistic detail in part singing, and has not been without its reflected influence upon the work done by other societies. Men of Mr. Haslam's abilities are those whom our musical life and effort can ill afford to spare.

I have received from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer a fine, flowing waltz, Hochzeit's Bouquet, by Plotzker, published by them.

METRONOME.

At Close of Day.

HE was a typical specimen of the *genus* tramp. The scent of the last haystack still clung to him, and his scanty and threadbare clothing bore unmistakable evidences of an intimate acquaintance with unclean quarters, dusty roads and prolonged wrestles with vigilant watch dogs, varied by occasional plunges in the village horse-trough.

As he stood there by the roadside the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him, lighting up his saddened features and bringing into bold relief the lines of dissipation which his wandering career had imprinted upon what would otherwise have been a handsome and noble face. He had not always been a Wandering Willie. Away back in the dim and shadowy past the broad and alluring path of youth had stretched out before him bright with promises of happiness. Fair hands had strewn his pathway with scented blossoms, and here upon this very spot, long years ago, he had won the love of her who had been his ideal; while, nestling in the quiet valley at his right was the church where his heart had responded to the words that bound him still closer to her, and where his master hand had drawn forth mighty swelling praises from his favorite instrument.

The march of time had brought the prattle of infant tongues into their happy home, but faster than the moving years sped there Death had finally shattered the home, trampled the sacred vows into the dust and sent him staggering down the way that is paved with curses and dying moans; and now in the last days of his sin he has come to tread the same foot-paths and dip his fevered brow into the rippling brook that glides as swiftly as of yore.

The night is fast approaching, and already the cottage lights are gleaming through the darkness like flickering points of flame, while the evening wind sweeps along the road before taking its last farewell of the dying day. Down the quiet country lane the wanderer creeps, gazing at the few familiar objects that meet his eye with a certain curiosity, until the ivy-covered church is reached, when he enters and finds his way to the organ. His trembling fingers move along the keys and fling the swelling notes high upon the vaulted roof and into the body of the church, until the affrighted mice scamper in haste away and peer with beady, black eyes from out their well secreted corners.

Higher and higher yet the music rolls until it seems to billow against the clouds, and the gloomy passages are alive with stirring notes.

The day has faded away in gleams of purple and gold, and the light has left the church save where the window is; but still he plays on. He is a tramp no longer. The barriers have been broken down, and for a brief while he lives again in the past. Now, soft as the touch of his dead one's hand is the note that steals out upon the night; then rising high it is hurried away and makes wild and melodious melody among the trees that sweep the roof outside.

No modern airs these, but sweet old hymns that fall upon the ear like love whispers, melting the long-hardened heart and causing the warm translucent drops to start, like rain from the autumn skies. Gradually his hands roamed more slowly over the yellow keys, and his gray head dropped lower and lower until his face rested upon his hands, and the moonbeam creeping in through the gray window showed that the life had gone out with the wild, triumphant throbbing of the music.

B. KELLY.

One Day.

I FEEL lazy this morning—decidedly so. Usually at this time of day I have finished my morning's correspondence, but this morning I am still dawdling over my solitary breakfast. Well, I suppose there is a reason for all things, and therefore one for my laziness. I sat up late last night reading a new book. I had read of it in a review and my curiosity was roused. Anna Wood was the name of the heroine. Anna is a common enough name, but it is mine, although I seldom hear anyone addressing me so familiarly now. The author's name was Ivy McNair. I had known someone of that name long ago. Could it be her book?

No wonder I sat up late to read it! You would do the same, I fancy, if you found yourself the heroine, as I was. I felt myself possessed of that faculty which Scotland's poet sighed for—the power to "see ourselves as others see us." It was indeed my friend of other days who had fallen into the snare of these *fin de siecle* days and had written a book.

It is quite a curious sensation to read about oneself in that way; to have your motives analyzed, and the actions based thereon set out in black and white. The authoress had known me very well indeed, better almost, then I had known myself. Long forgotten scenes were rehearsed to the life. The emotions that struggled in my breast were "carefully gone into," if I may be allowed the expression. All my girlish loves and hates were faithfully depicted, all the happy and unhappy days of that far off time. Come to think of it, I do not see how any of those days could have been unhappy—before I met Arthur, of course. How well Ivy has described him—tall, fair and handsome—much too handsome to be compelled to practice medicine in a profitless village, but fate sent him there, I suppose. It is about the only thing I ever quarreled with fate about. Why was it? In all my worldly, luxurious life since then, that has been the thought that has come between me and happiness—"if I had never met Arthur." In the gayest assembly whereof I have been queen, at the height of my enjoyment, when men admired and women envied, I could still see his face with the expression that it bore as I looked upon him from the window of the car that took me from home on my wedding day. Such a sad face, and I had thought he didn't care! He tried to make me think so. We had been lovers and engaged, but Arthur had his way to make in the world, and my mother wished me to marry the rich man who said he loved me.

It was only a little misunderstanding at first, but one day Arthur and I parted with angry words.

My friend, the Authoress, has drawn somewhat on her imagination in describing the emotions that filled my heart on my wedding morn. I did not feel so miserable as she says. Why should I? Arthur no longer cared for me, and surely I had too much pride to care for him. I was marrying a rich man, who promised me a life of pleasure in the gay world. I had been brought up to look on a "good match" as the chief aim of a girl's life; all the better, of course, if a little mutual affection could be thrown in, but that was not a necessary ingredient. I was making an eminently desirable marriage, so why should I grieve? Ivy gives me credit for some very fine feelings which I fear I never possessed.

She describes my married life very graphically—the keen dissatisfaction of it all, but that she also draws on her imagination for, because to no living being did I ever breathe my sentiments as to whether or not I found what are called "the pleasures of life" unsatisfying, and pined for "love in a cottage." No one knew it if, when the town lay sleeping below me, I sat at the window of my room and stretched out my hands in the direction of my girlhood's home—and Arthur, and longed to be lying in the graveyard with my father. Poor father! if he had lived I might not have had to "marry for money." I bore my burden bravely before the world.

I have never met Arthur since I was married. Ivy (she is his sister) pictures him as "wrapped up in his profession," in which he has been very successful. He has never married.

I have been a widow three years. During two of these years I have traveled in Europe with some friends, and am just three months back. I have taken this cottage at Newport for the season. Only yesterday I overheard a beautiful young girl say, speaking to a companion: "How I should like to be Mrs. Van Waters; I don't mean to be a widow, but to have so much money, and everything the heart can wish for." "Everything the heart can wish for," I repeated to myself. "Everything the heart can wish for" and "money" are not synonymous terms, young lady, and if you live long enough you will find I am right.

I was anxious to see how my friend wound up my career, and therefore rather hurried over the latter part of the book. If the sorrowful and disagreeable events of life could be hurried over in the same way!

Horrible! She describes me as dying amid the confusion of a railway wreck, in Arthur's arms. I trust death will not come to me in that way—as far as the railway accident is concerned, but, as for the other part—pshaw! I am growing foolishly sentimental. But it was hardly fair for her to kill me, and Arthur so near.

I think I will write to Ivy, and ask her to come and visit me. She certainly has talent in the book-making way, and will hardly be an uninteresting companion. The letter is soon written, and I go out for my morning drive.

Surely that is not Ivy McNair that passed me in that phaeton? I order the driver to turn and pass them. Yes, it is she. Greetings are exchanged, and Ivy is transferred to my carriage. My first words are: "I've read your book."

"Oh, have you?" said Ivy. "I hope you will forgive me the liberty I took, but I could hardly help it."

"But it was rather cruel to kill me in the way you did; could you not have made it easier?"

"Oh, that was an author's license; you must not mind it."

Ivy comes back to lunch with me, and together we call up reminiscences of girlhood's days, but we do not mention Arthur's name. After lunch I leave her alone for a few moments while I interview my cook, and on returning to the piazza I come face to face with Arthur McNair. He has come down to see his sister on important business—some papers to sign immediately, and having to take an early train home had been directed to find her at my cottage.

Twelve years had passed since last we met. I knew not what his thought was, but mine was—"how he has changed." For about five seconds we stood without speaking, and then—I forgot our miserable quarrel—forgot that I had tried to trample down my love for this man—forgot that I had married for money and position—forgot that probably Arthur McNair despised me—forgot everything save the lonely years that had passed, and the lonely years to come—and that I loved him still—and—

How little I thought, this morning, of what the day contained for me—everything the heart can wish for.

L. L.

Drifting.

For Saturday Night.

Fast-fading glories crown the lowering west,
The stars shine dim behind their hazy veil
Of filmy vapors, while the moonbeams pale
Carpet the earth with shadows interlaced with light,
And all is rest.

The foam-kissed wavelets, dancing down the bay,
Coquette with summer zephyrs hurrying on
With flower-given perfumes from the dawn
To crown the dying day, while wearily o'er the crest
My lonely barque drifts on.

Owen Sound. A. L. MCNAB.

The Patron Saint of Lawyers.

"Did you know," said a lawyer, "that the legal profession is the only profession that has no patron saint—at least none that it will own?"

"What is the reason for that?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Carelessness, I suppose. When the saints were handed around the representative who should have been present was probably arguing with the judge in another court."

"What did you mean by 'At least none that it will own?'" I asked.

"Many years ago," was the reply, "an Irish lawyer, who was a fervent Catholic, sought to provide his profession with a patron saint. So genuine was his desire for one that he traveled to Rome to consult the Pope. The Pope graciously received him.

"'Pray, your Holiness,' said the Irishman, 'grant the lawyers a patron saint.'

"'According to the story, which is a venerable one, the Pope looked over the list and found that there were no saints that had not been given to the other professions, at which the Irish lawyer was much cast down. Observing his depression, the Pope bade him cheer up and then directed him to go to a church near by, to blindfold himself and to pass around the interior saying Ave Marias all the time.

"'And,' said the Pope, 'The first saint you touch shall be the patron saint of your profession.'

"Much gratified, the devout lawyer went away to follow the instructions. He passed around the church praying. When he stopped he put out his hand. He was in front of the altar of St. Michael.

"'He thou the lawyer's patron saint!' he cried, and pulled off the bandage. Alas, he wasn't touching St. Michael at all! His hand was resting on the devil under St. Michael's feet."

Practical Polemics.

Primus—It was so hot in church to-day that Miss Carter fainted while the evangelist was preaching.

Secundus—Did the episode disconcert him?

Primus—Oh, no. He drew a lesson from it about the torments of hell.

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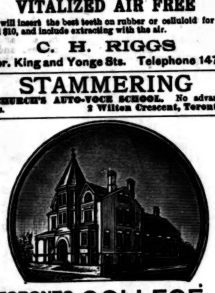

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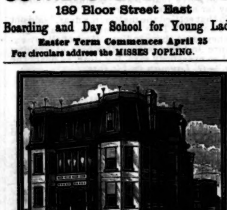

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

was prettily decorated with white flowers and maiden hair fern. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Meybrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Percival F. Ridout, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Miss Green, the Misses Michie, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Hugh and Miss Macdonald, Miss MacKay, Messrs. George and John Michie, Dr. Cowan, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Drake.

•

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford have gone to spend the summer in Dunnville.

•

Mr. Lawson of Newburgh, New York, is staying with his sister, Mrs. William MacMaster of Jarvis street.

•

Mrs. Maxwell Strange sails for England on Saturday.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George Keith sail by the Labrador from Montreal for Liverpool on Wednesday.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and family have gone to their farm near Newmarket for the summer.

•

Miss and Miss D. Casgrave and Master J. Casgrave of Niagara street left for Strathallen Park, Rochester, on Wednesday morning.

•

Mrs. A. G. Savigny, Mrs. C. N. and Master Herbert McLaughlin are summering at the Lake Shore House, Sand Banks.

•

Dr. H. Burhanse Besemer of Ithaca, New York, is visiting Dr. C. P. Lennox of 40 Beaconsfield avenue.

•

Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker and Miss Edith McCallum of Jarvis street are spending the summer at the Del Monte Hotel, Preston.

•

On Thursday evening of last week Dr. and Mrs. Norton of Shelbourne gave a most enjoyable party at their beautiful residence, Bellayre. A large number of guests were present, many from outside places, including Brooklyn, N.Y., Toronto, Mount Forest and Clinton. Among those present were: Miss O'Flynn, Major and Mrs. Douglas, Miss Morrison, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Dellabough, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mossop, Miss McGraw of Toronto; Miss W. Hillhouse, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Campbell, Miss Madill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Barr, Dr. Rooney, Mr. Harry White, Mr. L. H. Large, Miss Halstead of Mount Forest; Miss Sexton of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Farran of Clinton; Mr. and Mrs. Fisher.

•

Mrs. Phillips of John street spent a few days at Niagara this week.

•

Mrs. J. Cayley is visiting her sister at Kingston.

•

Mr. Geo. Fairclough of Brantford was in town last Friday.

•

Miss Bently of Sutton is visiting friends in Parkdale.

•

Mr. W. A. Boys of Barrie, who won the cup for tennis at the Victoria Club last week, has returned home. During his brief stay in the city he made a host of friends who admired his skilful playing.

•

Rural Dean Downie of Berlin was in town recently.

•

Mr. T. Jackson, jr., of Clinton, passed through this city on Wednesday after a two months' trip to England.

•

Mr. Fred Hill of Niagara Falls and Mrs. and Miss H. Johnston of Dunnville were in town this week.

•

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Howson have returned from their wedding tour. Mrs. Howson will be At Home to her friends on Monday, July 25, at 110 Wellington place.

•

Lieut. Irving's many friends will be sorry to hear of his dangerous illness. Although his condition is still serious the last accounts reported a slight improvement.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

Never within the old, gray stone walls of St. Mark's had such unique, impressive and imposing services been held as those witnessed last Saturday, Sunday and Monday in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the parish. For many years the church has stood as it stands now in its nest of beautiful old trees, surrounded by a graveyard unequaled in beauty, perhaps, by any in the whole of Canada, and numbering among its dead those who fought in the memorable war of 1812, and who witnessed the burning of a portion of the sacred edifice, which was, however, renewed a few years later. Resting also in this quaint little world of the dead are the remains of Rev. Robert Addison, first incumbent, and those of his successor, Mr. Creen, who is still lovingly remembered by many of those present at the services last week. The third rector—for since the foundation of the parish on July 9th, 1792, there have been but three—gladdened the hearts of his parishioners by coming, strong and full of almost youthful vigor, to take an active part in such services conducted with the celebrations which will be long remembered by the hundreds who came from all parts of Canada and the United States to be present as the most unique ever witnessed, and perhaps the most unique which will be witnessed again for many hundred years to come. It is possible there are other churches a century old, but on this side of the wide Atlantic not one has stood for a hundred years under such unusual circumstances, not one has looked down upon such scenes as those enacted under the shadow of its silent walls in 1812, or existed under such remarkable conditions as beautiful, quaint old St. Marks, situated with its shadowy, rising ground, peopled with its quiet dead at the very mouth of the grand old Niagara river. A hundred years of earnest, patient labor divided almost equally between three rectors, Mr. Addison, Mr. Creen and the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray, have made the church and parish what they are to-day, and well may the present rector look with gratitude and rejoicing at the result of his thirty-six years of unwearied labor among his devoted people. The services were all remarkably well attended. The clergy who assisted during the three busy days were: Right Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Western New York, Ven. Archdeacon Dixon, D.C.L. of Guelph, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, M.A., of Toronto, Rev. Robert Ker of St. Catharines, Rev. Canon Houston of Niagara Falls, Rev. James Ardill of Merritton, Rev. F. B. Hodgins of St. Catharines, Rev. Canon Bull of Niagara Falls, Rev. Rural Dean Gribble of St Catharines, Rev. E. J. Fessenden of Chippawa, Rev. F. M. Baldwin of Aylmer, Rev. Canon Read of Grimsby, Ven. Archdeacon McMurray, Rev Principal Miller of St. Catharines, Rev. T. Shutt, Rev. W. J. Piggott, Rev. J. Evans, Rev. C. Scudamore, Rev. G. Johnston, Rev. Canon Arnold, Rev. P. Spencer, Rev. J. Morton, Rev. M. Ker, Rev. J. C. Garrett, Rev. Mr. Leigh.

The opening address on Saturday morning was by Rev. Arthur Baldwin of All Saints, Toronto, and needless to say it was a grand and eloquent one, holding the interest and attention of the congregation from the first word until the last. On Sunday morning the Right Rev. Cleveland Coxe, bishop of Western New York, preached a most beautiful sermon from the text, "Whether one member suffer all the members suffer with him; or if one member be honored all the members rejoice." In the course of his address he drew a most graphic picture of the difficulties encountered by the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray in the early days of his ministry among the uncivilized people in the North-West. His simple eloquent words carried his hearers away from the comparatively untroubled present to the time, sixty-one years ago, when the rector was beginning the work he has so nobly pursued until today, and the hearts of young and old went out to the speaker, whose sweet fatherly face, crowned with the silvery locks of over seventy years, won the love of everyone present. On Saturday afternoon a large number assembled to witness the unveiling of the memorial tablet which is placed on the west side of the portion of the church, immediately opposite the tablet placed to the memory of Col. Butler, whose name is so well known in connection with the early history of the town.

On Saturday afternoon a most elaborate luncheon was given the clergy and their friends by the ladies of the Guild, for which occasion the schoolhouse had been most charmingly decorated. Not satisfied with the success which crowned their efforts on Saturday, the Ladies' Guild generously arranged another lunch in the school room on Monday afternoon, to which they invited not only the clergy, but also the choir of St. Mary's-on-the-Hill, who are ramping out on their annual summer holiday at the Oak Grove, as well as the members of St. Mark's congregation and numbers of others visiting town for the centennial services. The scene of Monday evening in the grounds of the schoolhouse, where a social had been arranged for the purpose of making a presentation to the Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray, almost beggars description. About seven o'clock the people began to arrive and by eight the school room and grounds, which were prettily lighted by Chinese lanterns hung from the boughs of the trees, presented a most lively appearance than they have done since the little building was erected. On a small table near the door, just outside, were placed the tokens of love and esteem which were to be presented to the rector and Mrs. McMurray. Behind it stood the committee: Mrs. Morson, Mrs. H. Everett, Miss Ker, Miss Best and Miss Manning, who had been so zealous in their efforts to make the gift one worthy the occasion. Bro. J. C. Garrett led the unsuspecting Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray to where Mr. Pafford stood beside the table, and in a very neat little speech, short and to the point, the mayor presented to them, in behalf of the congregation, a most magnificent onyx clock and side pieces, and to Mrs. McMurray a beautiful onyx and brass lamp. Acting upon a happy suggestion of Mr. Garrett's, Mrs. McMurray and the venerable archdeacon held a reception at the door of the schoolhouse afterwards, where amid the merry chiming of the bells from the tower of St. Mark's and the hearty cheers of a hundred or two people, the congregation one by one shook hands and passed on, each offering the most earnest and sincere congratulations and wishes to the happy recipients. Refreshments were afterwards served by the ladies of the Guild.

Miss Shanklin and Miss Wilcox were the guests for a day or two this week of Mrs. D. B. Macdougall of Rosslyn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Burrell of St. Catharines, Mr. and Miss Merritt, Mrs. H. and Miss Ingersoll of St. Catharines, Mrs. Kaileily of Morrisburg, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins of Woodstock, Mr. Wood of St. Catharines, Mrs. and the Misses Kirkpatrick of Chippawa, Mrs. Bate, Mrs. T. B. Harvey and Mrs. Fessenden were among the visitors who came for the centennial celebrations.

Mrs. Ardill has been spending a few days in town, the guest of her parents, the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold.

Mr. Herbert Syer is among those who have arrived for the summer.

Mrs. Benn gave a pleasant little afternoon tea, which was followed by a drive to Queenston, to about fifteen little friends of her daughter Edna, last Saturday. Among others present were the Misses Eisle and Viola Geddes, the Misses Marion and Lucy Wilkinson, Miss Lansing Macrae, Master Ernest and Arthur Macrae, Miss Edna and Master Wellesley Benn, Master Clarence Russell and Master Montye Macrae. A most delightful afternoon was enjoyed. GALATEA.

CLINTON.

The other day on the recommendation of a mutual acquaintance I called at The Wigwam, the residence of the Misses Mountcastle, and asked to be shown through the studio of these amiable sisters. Miss Clara E. Mountcastle, besides being an artist of no mean order, has good literary taste and possesses something rather uncommon in women, a keen sense of humor. Her prose has a quiet drollery that is admirable; her poetry is marked with strength of feeling. Miss Mountcastle has some very good marine work in her studio and is partial to that sort of thing. Removed from the art centers, she is not troubled by the hard and fast rules of any school of art, but gets as near nature as she can. For instance, she showed me a painting of some ducks thrown idly in a heap by the sportsman who had shot them. She painted them as they lay on the ground, and the result was truer to my notion than in the hundred pictures I have seen of ducks lying on a table with their necks carefully hung down over the edge. When a sportsman returns from duck shooting he does not lay his game on the parlor table in any such orthodox fashion; he does not hang the dead bird's head down for fear it will bite a hole in the tablecloth. Miss Mountcastle's work is very much thought of in Clinton, and not without reason.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson left on Monday for a trip to England.

Bayfield is quite a summer resort and many people from Stratford, Clinton, Seaforth and other places are either camping out or stopping at the hotels. No finer place for camping or picnicing could be found anywhere than at Jowett's Point, and no person could be more obliging than Mr. Jowett, the coolly circumstanced farmer who owns the point and keeps it in such excellent taste. ZEKE.

BRANTFORD.

Friday evening Mrs. G. H. Wilkes entertained the Guelph and Brantford Tennis Clubs at her beautiful residence, Chatham street. Dancing was engaged in till a late hour and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. Those present were: Mrs. Whitehead, who wore a lovely costume of cadet blue silk; Mrs. C. Nelles, black lace over pale blue silk; Miss N. Crompton, white silk; Miss Nelles wore a pretty costume of black lace; Miss Hossie, cream silk; Miss Gould, cream cashmere; Miss Schultz, mauve silk; Miss Griffin, white silk; Miss M. Brooke, black silk and lace. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. A. D. Hardy, H. Leonard, H. Curtis, J. Watt, Henderson, Muir, G. Watt, A. Mackenzie, G. Fairclough, Browning, Maclean, W. G. Killmaster, C. Nelles, C. Hardy, Pat Hardy and others.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne arrived at Woodburn from Toronto last week. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne have been greatly missed in society circles here and their many friends welcome their return.

Miss Frances Hyman returned to London on Tuesday accompanied by her friend, Miss Rebe A. Hossie. Miss Hossie will prove a great acquisition to London society.

Miss Minnie Bell is spending vacation in Belleville.

The Misses King are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss L. Cochrane of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. R. J. Smith.

Miss Kathleen McTaggart and Miss Duncan are holidaying in New York.

Miss Montgomery is visiting friends in Philadelphia. SAILOR.

BARRIE.

On Monday evening, July 11, Mrs. W. D. Vanskiele entertained a few friends at Inchlquin. This splendidly appointed home was at its best, the main suite of rooms was adorned with plants and cut flowers; the broad piazzas surrounding the house were nicely decorated, and the spacious grounds of lawn tennis court and shrubbery were illuminated, making a very charming scene. The hostess, assisted by Miss Vanskiele, received the guests from 9 to 10 o'clock, after which progressive euchre and dancing were indulged in until 5 o'clock in the morning. Among those present were: Mrs. Wood of London, Mrs. Balkie, the Misses Blackmore, Miss Taggert of Toronto, Miss Dunnox, Miss Mary Woods, Miss Nellie Thompson, Miss Bosanko, Miss Johnson, Dr. Arthur, Mr. A. W. Wilkenson, Dr. W. D. MacLaren, Mr. Arthur Sanders, Mr. W. B. Balkie, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. B. Myers, Mr. T. E. Larne, Mr. H. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. T. R. Boys and Dr. Hewett. VROOME.

PORT COLBORNE.

The arrival of guests on Solid Comfort from Toronto this week is as follows: Mr. S. H. Mara and family, Mr. Nelson and family and Miss Matthews.

The first of a series of weekly entertainments was given Saturday evening by the members of the club. The programme consisted of music, readings and charades, the proceeds to be devoted to the Sick Children's Hospital of Toronto.

Holiday Facilities.

Summer is now here and with it the usual cheap travelling facilities. Particularly is this noticeable with the Canadian Pacific Railway. In order to afford the best possible means for reaching the coast, a through sleeper to Old Orchard and the Maine Coast is attached to the C. P. R. Montreal express every Tuesday and Friday evening. A choice of routes to Montreal and Quebec is also offered, a sleeping car being run from Toronto to Kingston every evening except Sunday, making direct connection with the Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.'s St. Lawrence steamers.

No Insurance.

Mr. A. Tate Lokal.—Hear you had a big fire at Lonesomehurst last night.

Mr. Kornor Lott.—Yes, sir! You see, the sparks from an engine set fire to the grass, and it burned up five rods of plank walk before we all got together and beat it out with brooms.

A Parthian Shot.

Clerk of Hotel (to departing guest).—Your key, sir.

Guest (absently).—Eh!

Clerk (gruffly).—Your key, I said.

Guest.—Oh! The ball and chain. I left them in the cell.

Niagara River Line

PALACE STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON

In connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, 7, 11 a.m., 2, 4 45 p.m.

Arrive Niagara, 9 10 a.m., 1 10, 4 10, 7 10 p.m.

Leave Niagara 8 30, 11 a.m., 2, 6 p.m.

Arrive Toronto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager

Niagara Falls Line

Str. Empress of India

Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 8 a.m. and 5.40 p.m., for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo New York

and all points East. Through trains from Port Dalhousie, fast time. Tickets at all leading hotels and all G. T. R. and Empress ticket offices and on wharf. Family tickets for sale.

FOR ROCHESTER

SS. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.

Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

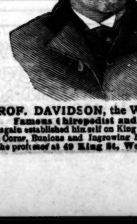
Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers. Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. S.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, leaves St. Catharines, Merritt Wharf, at 8 a.m.; Port Dalhousie, 9.40 a.m., calling at piers, arriving in Toronto at 11.31 a.m. For despatch and low rates ship by this line. Cheap Excursion Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 3 p.m. Saturday tickets, good until Monday, 75c. Special rates to Moonlight and other excursions. For tickets (family tickets a specialty) and full information apply at Robinson & Hankin's, 63 Yonge Street; Miller's Office, foot of Yonge Street; C. P. R. Office, Board of Trade, and on the Boat.

J. T. MATTHEWS, Mgr., 505 Board of Trade. Tel. 2130.



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or to M. McCONNELL, 45 Colborne Street, Toronto

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Special inducements are now offered for the next 60 days for Light Scotch Tweed Suitings, of which I have just received a large consignment, and invite your inspection.

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And Through Sleeper Every Night to Kingston Wharf, making direct connection with the Mail Steamers to MONTREAL, QUEBEC, THE SAGUENAY.

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NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resort is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hops every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

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The Newest and Most Seasonable Garments

For Hot Weather

Spanish Lace Capes in the latest styles and combinations of Silk and Jet, from $5 to $25.

Blazer Jackets in cream and fancy Flannels and Serges, from $1.95 to $15.

For Rainy Days

The newest shapes in **Waterproof Cloaks** "Heptonette" or "Cravenette" at $4, $5, $6.

Some very nobby designs in checks with deep capes, $6 to $12. A large shipment just opened out.

Rubber Cloaks from $1 up.

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SPECIAL SUMMER SALE

- - OF - -

Pianos and Organs

In order to clear our warerooms for New Fall Stock in September next, we have decided to mark down the prices on all our second-hand stock. This stock comprises about forty good Square Pianos by Stodart, Chickering, Vose, Hardman, Decker and other eminent American makers at prices of from $50 upwards. Also about sixty good Melodeons and Organs at prices of from $15 upwards. Our main feature is in our first-class second-hand Upright Pianos. Prices astonishingly low and rates remarkably easy.

Mason & Risch
32 King Street West, Toronto

Following Nature.

This world abounds with a certain class of writers and speakers who never seem to tire of advising their audiences and the public in general to keep as near as possible to nature and natural conditions. Whether it is the complexion, the diet, the residence or the fashion in dress, it seems to make no difference—nature is their hobby. They never particularize, never tell why they would do thus and so, except on general principles. They never argue, but only assert and denounce, waxing angry and sometimes abusive if called upon to show cause for their statements.

They declare that the men and women of the present day are living under artificial conditions; that hypocrisy and show are running away with our better judgment, and that the best thing we can do is to return to more natural conditions.

Now this might be all very well if the progress of the world had not been, for so many hundreds of years, in a line gradually diverging from the natural conditions so much prated about, or, in many instances, in a direction diametrically opposite. There are few tasks as hopeless as the attempt either to reform or direct the course of events, and he must indeed be of strong will and high courage who feels able to undertake it.

And the reformer, especially the one who is always trying to bring his friends closer to nature, is almost always a very tiresome individual. He is quite certain to attack one's latest fad or to begin one of his diatribes on the follies of fashion and the extravagance of modern life just when you have fancied that he had taken mental note of your new drawing room furniture or had come in from a drive in the latest style of light road wagon.

Or he opens fire just after one of your best dinners, and his discourse is on dyspepsia and how injurious modern, or artistic, cookery is to the human family; and he persists until you heartily wish that he would go out and eat grass, and find himself so completely occupied with getting the nutriment from it that he couldn't open his mouth to say a word.

To these malcontents a well dressed woman suggests vanity, folly and all things frivolous; and well is it if there be not a shake of the head and a significant grimace and shrug of the shoulders, which mean much more. A fine complexion suggests paint and powder, a good figure is the signal for a lecture on corsets, with the eternal "return to nature" for a pivotal idea.

And the most remarkable part of all of the reformer's theory and practice is that he will never follow his own advice. No one ever knew him to refuse to eat a dinner because it was prepared by a *chef*, or to decline an invitation to drive because the carriage was of the newest pattern, or to object to enjoying any of the good things of life because they were modern.

So we may as well conclude that the greater part of the would be reformer's talk is but idle breath spent, because he loves the sound of his own voice, and not because he has either the courage of his own convictions or a sincere desire to make the world, his associates or himself any better because he has lived and lectured and found fault with the existing state of things.—*New York Ledger.*

Not Rapid Transit.

Gothamite.—Do the trains on your railroad run on time?

Suburbanite.—Well, yes—but it comes pretty near to eternity, some trips.

Hooked.

She—What would you do if you were rich?
He—Ask you to be my wife.
She—And I should say "yes." It is better to be born lucky than rich.

In Hot Weather.

In hot weather more infants die than in all the rest of the year. Why is this? Principally because they are fed on unsuitable food. Nestlé's Food is known as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and all summer complaints. Consult your doctor about this important fact.

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Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

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Mineral Water on Draught

Bingham's Pharmacy
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HAY—July 12, Mrs. John D. Hay—a daughter.
BELL—July 5, Mrs. N. F. Bell—a son.
GREGARY—June 26, Mrs. Robt. Gregary—a son.
McEACHERN—July 3, Mrs. N. McEachern—a son.
ANDREWS—July 7, Mrs. W. T. Andrews—a daughter.
ANDERSON—July 1, Mrs. William Anderson—a son.
BROOKS—July 6, Mrs. Arthur Brooks—a son.
KINTON—July 7, Mrs. Mark Kinton—a son.
WHITE—July 8, Mrs. Stuart White—a daughter.
McEACHERN—July 6, Mrs. Peter McEachern—a son.
FORBES—July 8, Mrs. J. C. Forbes—a son.
ROLPH—July 6, Mrs. Frank A. Rolph—a daughter.
DUNSTAN—July 8, Mrs. Kenneth J. Dunston—a son.
OWEN—July 4, Mrs. C. C. Owen—a son.
TYTLER—July 8, Mrs. John Tytler—a daughter.
IMRIE—July 12, Mrs. John Imrie—a son.
KAPPELE—July 9, Mrs. George Kappele—a son
SIMS—July 9, Mrs. Fred. Sims—a son.
MARSHALL—July 9, Mrs. George Marshall—a son.
IRWIN—July 4, Mrs. C. W. Irwin—a son.

Marriages.

BREMNER—HODGINS—At St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, July 12, by Rev. Dr. McTavish, John A. Bremner to Isabel Hodgins, both of this city.
FINDLAY—ANDREWS—July 12, John M. Findlay to Ada Elizabeth Andrews.
McCANNELL—McQUEEN—July 6, Malcolm McCannell to Catherine McQueen.
STEVENSON—BECK—July 13, Arthur Stevenson to Georgina Maud Beck.
THOMPSON—BLACK—July 13, R. A. Thompson to Agnes A. Black.
WOOD—STAVELEY—July 5, George H. Wood to Maude E Staveley.
SMITH—JACK—July 6, Gilbert A Smith to Lelia Jack.
ANDERSON—CAMERON—J. M. Anderson to Eliza Cameron.
COTHERAN—CALLAN—July 5, John Cotheran to Kate Callan.

Deaths.

ALDERSON—July 7, James Alderson, aged 74.
HIBBERT—June 22, Constance J. Hibbert.
COSFORD—July 7, Thos. Cosford, aged 18.
ROBERTSON—July 5, David A. Robertson, aged 74.
WHELER—July 6, Margaret E. Wheler.
WILSON—Jul 6, John Wilson.
KLOTZ—July 6, Otto Klotz, aged 75.
GLOVER—June 22, Richard Glover, aged 60.
McSHERRY—July 1, Henry McSherry.
ARDAGH—July 7, William Ardagh.
NELSON—July 7, Joseph Nelson, aged 64.
MAIN—July 5, Lyle C. H. Main.
KELLY—July 8, Mrs. Kelly.
SPENCE—July 12, Jacob Spence, aged 79.
O'CONNELL—July 12, Margaret O'Connell, aged 82.
GLENDENNING—July 12, Walter Glendenning, aged 43.
MACKEY—July 11, Margaret Mackey, aged 70.
STIVER—July 12, Robert Stiver, aged 74.
LAWDER—July 12, Robert Valence Lawder, aged 14.
PATERSON—July 13, William J. Paterson, aged 31.
AITKEN—July 13, William Aitken, aged 21.
GILLESPIE—July 13, Eliza Gillespie, aged 75.
WADDELL—July 12, Mrs Geo D. Waddell, aged 22.
STERLING—July 4, James John Sterling, aged 20.
FOOT—July 5, William F. Foot.
O'DONAHOE—July 8, Lizzie T. O'Donahoe.
BARR—July 9, John Percy Barr, aged 17.
MALLOY—July 6, John Malloy, aged 91.
KNOX—July 9, Ada A. Knox, aged 28.
DODD—July 9, Alice Dodd, aged 41.
LENNON—July 10, Charles Lennon, aged 14
JEWELL—July 8, Chas. W. Jewell, aged 30.
WEST—July 11, Frank J. West, aged 20.

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The best assortment in the city at very reasonable prices

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Sterling Silver Tea, Coffee, Orange Spoons, etc.

FRUIT JARS
Mason and Gem, in pints, quarts and half gallons.

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Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
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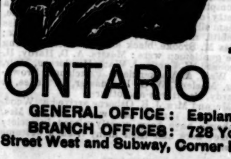

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